

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 19, 1940

## WHO'S WHO

HAROLD C. GARDINER is a newly-acquired Associate Editor, hereby officially welcomed and warmly recommended to our readers. He was engaged in research work in English Literature at Cambridge University, England, when the outbreak of war necessitated his recall. He completed his thesis at Georgetown University. He has taught English and the classics in Washington and Buffalo. . . . CHARLES G. FENWICK has been professor of political science at Bryn Mawr College, Pa., for more than two decades. He has been a member of several United States delegations to Inter-American Conferences. He is a recognized authority on international law and practice. . . . SENATOR DENNIS CHAVEZ has represented New Mexico since 1935, after having been a Congressman since 1931. As a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he has devoted much attention to Pan-American affairs. To help improve relations with the nations to the south, he has introduced a bill looking to daily United States broadcasts to South America. . . . GERARD DONNELLY adds another chapter to his series of reports on the present position of anti-Catholicism in the United States. In a broad gesture, he covers all of the States directly north of the Mexican border and stretching east from the Pacific. . . . THE COUNCILMAN from the First Ward was first heard from in the latter part of August. He knows his job and his electors. He speaks mostly for small-town government, but his instances and advice apply equally to big politics and politicians. . . . PAUL J. PHELAN, of the English faculty of Fordham University, gives in his paper some results of his original research on Dr. Johnson's biographer.

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# COMMENT

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OFF to the camps trek the boys of the National Guard. We wish them safety and contentment, and offer them our best wishes and encouragement in their period of active training. May it be short, and may the necessity that takes them away from their homes and their work be relieved. We speak practically, for the call is being obeyed by two valuable members of our Staff. For the past fourteen years we have had the faithful assistance of a confidential secretary. Out of the office, he was a loyal Guardsman in the 104th Field Artillery. He has risen from the ranks to a captaincy. We are proud to surrender to the needs of national defense our Captain William H. Dodd. For more than two years, the business and financial management of AMERICA has been under the capable control of Stephen J. Meany, S.J. We had devised large plans for the coming year, with him as the keyman. But he had every qualification fitting him to be a chaplain in the expanded peace preparations against, or in case of, war. He volunteered, and off he goes as First Lieutenant Stephen J. Meany of the 102nd Q.M.C. Regiment. We are proud of our first two representatives and wish them God's blessing and a happy return. (Note: their jobs are waiting for them.)

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CRACK-POT ideas betray their real nonsense when you try to put them to use, to reduce them to practise. Recently a really great scientist, who had urged that we throw overboard the idea of a Personal God, took his oath of allegiance to this Government, upon becoming a naturalized citizen. We wonder whether, with spiritual exaltation in his heart and a light of selfless devotion in his eye, he was thrilled and shaken to the core, as he pronounced those solemn, consecrating words: "I hereby declare on oath . . . that I will support and defend the . . . United States . . . ; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: so help me Truth, Beauty and Humanity."

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AT the Catholic Rural Life Conference, held at St. Cloud, Minn., the opening Mass saw the revival of an old and beautiful custom. At the Offertory of the Mass, a farm boy and a farm girl stepped forward and offered a platter of grapes and a sheaf of wheat. These were received and blessed by the officiating priest. This was the old custom of having the fruits of the earth blessed at Mass, and more, it is the historical forerunner of the modern Mass stipend. The faithful used to offer the bread and wine for the matter of the Sacrifice, and in addition the necessities of life, in kind. Thus, the offering at Mass was immediately for the support

of the priest. Gradually, this offering in kind was changed, with the advent of money, into an offering of money. There has never been any question of exchanging money for a thing spiritual—that would be simony. Many a priest has shuddered when asked, even by good Catholics: "Father, how much are your Masses?" We know that we cannot buy the Mass, but we do lose sight of the meaning of the stipend.

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ONLY a partisan of intellectual Bolshevism will denounce as tyrannical the principle laid down on academic freedom by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. In his address on October 3 to the members of the Columbia Faculty, Dr. Butler declared that "academic freedom has never meant and could not possibly mean . . . the right . . . to tear down the foundations of principle and of practice upon which alone" a university itself can rest. To strengthen his position, which is sound when a university *can* appeal to these solid foundations of principle, Dr. Butler places "university freedom" on a par with academic freedom. But the appeal is greatly weakened, and the president of Columbia lays himself open in consequence, to a certain extent, to the broadsides of Professor Urey and his protesting associates, by the lack, in the case of Columbia and our other great secular universities, of just that clear, far-reaching, consistently pursued and applied basic spiritual principle which can *adequately* form a basis of "university freedom." Universities are free, as men are free, when they can derive their own teaching authority from an unqualified recognition of the supreme Teacher—God freely revealing Himself to the free and intelligent minds of men.

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CHELMSFORD is in England, and Dr. Henry Wilson is in Chelmsford. He is Anglican Bishop there. He is also in the New York *Times*—by special cable. Chelmsford is not an important place, and Doctor Wilson is not an important personage outside of his own little bailiwick; but it is apparently very important that the great American public be informed—by cable—that the good Doctor does not like the Pope. He does not like Pius XII. He does not like Pius XI. He does not like Benedict XV. In fact he has not a kind word to say for any of the Popes of the last four hundred years. He thinks that Pius XII is anti-British and anti-democratic, as Benedict was in the last war, and "indeed as the Papacy has been for the past four hundred years." He thinks that the Pope has failed to give "spiritual guidance to the people who looked to him for leadership." What really riles the good divine, of course, is not the Pope's failure as a "neutral"



or as a "spiritual leader," but the Pope's failure to get upon the Doctor's own band wagon, thump the drum and wave the Union Jack. The Doctor's opinion is not terribly important. Greater Englishmen than he emphatically disagree with him. It is in pity that we ask why the New York *Times* should publish to the world—by special cable—the sorry state of the Doctor's mind. We were in blissful ignorance before. Now that we know all about it, some of us will undoubtedly include him in our prayers. Maybe it was with just that hope in mind that the New York *Times* carried a special cable to tell America that Doctor Wilson of Chelmsford does not like the Pope.

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LET the fashion dictators issue a ukase and lovely ladies in all lands jump to attention and do things to themselves which they can hardly believe a few years later. The Holy Father, speaking to 14,000 representatives of Italian girls' Catholic Action organizations, gathered at the Vatican on October 6, urged them not to bow down to this "tyranny of style," when it endangers the purity and dignity of Catholic womanhood, declaring that "mode and modesty should go together." Too many Catholic women have scant regard for pronouncements from the Vatican on feminine fashions, preferring the *ex cathedras* of Paris or New York to those from Rome in this field. Conforming to their concept of Vatican standards in clothes strikes a chill into feminine hearts. That the present Holy Father is only concerned with the elimination of immodesty and has a remarkably sympathetic understanding of the style requirements of the modern girl is shown in his further statement that their Catholic Action leaders should show them how to be "modern, cultivated, sporting, graceful, natural and distinguished without giving way to all the vulgarities of worldly style." This should set aside all fears that the Church wants Catholic girls to look like something out of Queen Victoria's album. *Vogue* is not on the Index.

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SINCE the manufacture of mythical conversations is now in order, why not propose the following, which is according to reason, instead of concoctions that a little reflection show to be absurd? Snug in the dining car on the Brenner Pass, Mussolini asks Hitler bluntly: "Tell me, Adolf, speaking of the United States, which are you really most afraid of: American intervention or American neutrality?" Leaning over the table, Hitler whispers in Mussolini's ear: "Don't let this impression get abroad, as it would spoil our plans. But if there is anything in Heaven's name I should like to do, it would be to pull the United States right into the war. I am worried sick over them. As long they remain out of it, they can exert an influence which will beat us in the long run. If they won't drift in for Britain, they may jump in against Japan. Once they are actually fighting, we shall have *our war*, on *our* conditions of warfare, active in all parts of the world." We cannot condemn too strongly the confusion of thought

which imagines that because Britain, being attacked, is obliged to meet Hitler's force by force, the United States, not being attacked, can best aid the present world situation by using similar weapons before they are needed for immediate defense. AMERICA has warned against this from beginning, and still holds that, things being still as they are, American neutrality is more formidable for Hitler than American intervention.

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THE SMUT KING is being hunted. His name is alleged to be Morris Newman, alias John Milkowicz. King Milkowicz publishes and distributes twelve indecent magazines. He operates under, at least, five different trade names. If King Milkowicz is found and declared guilty, he will be penalized to the extent of \$500, with or without a year in prison to be added. If he does not go to prison, he can pay the fine and recover it within a month, by publishing a dozen other smut magazines under a half-dozen other trade names. We hope that the King will be caught and that he will get a year for each of the twelve indecent magazines he has been spreading on the newsstands and in the stuffy bookstores near the corners. The King has already served a sentence for larceny and conspiracy, and another for counterfeiting. But the last crime is the greater, for his slimy pornography is poison to countless souls. There is nothing more contemptible in the whole catalog of crime than ruining innocence for profit. Dope-peddlers and the purveyors of obscene magazines are equally dangerous but too often the latter escape prosecution and follow their vile business unmolested.

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PROFESSORIAL pin-feathers are ruffled again. The professors seem to be the "rilin'est" people in the country. And the surest thing to make them rise to protest is to mention those fighting words "academic freedom." Nicholas Murray Butler mentioned them a few days ago, and promptly had his head handed to him, without even a platter to grace it. Now, there is no use going over the weary question, but just for the sake of knowing what we are talking about when we do say the touchy word, what does "freedom" mean? It is interesting to notice that the word comes from an Anglo-Saxon word that means "dear." The fundamental idea is that it was applied to members of a household, who were connected by ties of kindred to the head, as opposed to the slaves. But even the members of a household have rules and regulations and restrictions to live by. We carry over that sense of the word when we say, for example, that an athlete is "free" to play on a team—that does not mean that he can do what he pleases on the team. So, when a visiting celebrity is given the "freedom" of a city, he is not thereby given a blank check to go out and violate all the laws and ordinances of the city. So, "academic freedom" ought to mean that a professor is free, *within* the rules and regulations of the University. Freedom is liberty under law—anything else is license.

# DEMOCRACY—WE TEACH IT, BUT DO NOT BALLYHOO IT

HAROLD C. GARDINER

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SCHOOLS are opening this fall in a flurry of determination to education for democracy. Since democracy seems to be staggering about punch-drunk, education for democracy means education for defense. So, to save democracy, the schools are gearing their curricula to national defense. Harvard and Princeton, for example, announce that students and faculty are ready to organize drills and camps and "to cooperate fully with the Government."

These are practical steps, it seems; they are things that can be seen and cheered. A group of Harvard men arrayed in olive drab, with tin hats and machine guns, will be a heartening sight. Planes with Princeton colors will thrill—and we shall imagine that as long as these privileged young men are willing thus to deny themselves and pitch in, democracy is safe.

Yes, they are practical steps, but they are too obvious to mean much. They are too immediate, too simple, too superficial. Above all they are not *educative* methods. If democracy is to mean anything to men of college and university standing, it must be made to mean something by an *education*, not by drill and camps.

Physical training alone, without a mental discipline, may produce fighters for democracy, but it will not produce lovers of democracy. Without reverencing and loving the thing I fight for, I will not fight long when the tide of battle turns against me.

This is precisely the rôle the colleges must play in preserving democracy. They must educate men and women to know and make real in their lives the principles on which this way of life rests. For, in our understanding of the word, democracy is a principle, not merely a convenient way of ruling a country. It is the only way of ruling a country justly, for it alone holds *as a principle* the truth that the State is not master of the man.

But this is just where the work of the colleges breaks down. For the past fifty years, education in America has been divorced from allegiance to *any* principles as principles. Ideals have been kept here and there, just because the ordinary decent man must have some standards, but they are the standards of convenience. They have not been kept as ideals, but only because they happen to work, to make for a smooth functioning of society.

All this springs from the positivist philosophy which is rampant in American education. Positivism adopts the fundamental axiom that nothing is

true, that nothing is certain that cannot be verified by the measurements of science. Unless I can put my data in a test-tube or on a balance and weigh and measure and count atoms, I cannot state with certainty any conclusions about it.

Now, moral and ethical principles, the ideas of right and justice, of law, of equity, of goodness—all these and other abstract ideas, cannot so be measured and, hence, are not certain. I can come to no positive conclusions about them. At most I can say that they appeal to me, that thousands of great minds have held them, or that they seem to work best. If my liver acts up and my eye becomes jaundiced, if the day is gloomy, if other circumstances change, if something else seems to promise to work better, then my liking for these so-called truths will shift, and another set of values will be for the moment my new ideals.

And this blight is not found merely in select classes in philosophy in the swankier schools. The virus has descended from the brain and now seethes in all the veins of American education.)

Nor is this "we-view-with-alarm" attitude a mere *idée fixe* of the Catholic mind. Others, not Catholics, see this appalling state of things. An article in *Harper's* for October, by Mortimer J. Adler, which is superb and recommended to all, speaks in even stronger language. There, the leading schools of education in the country, Columbia, Chicago, California and Harvard, are pilloried as being the fountain-heads from which this poison wells out. And from them, elementary, secondary and graduate school teachers in every State in the Union are going forth to teach, or to imply and insinuate this erroneous, this stupefying doctrine.

The result? If there are no ideals, if there is no rightness and wrongness, if morals and religion rest merely on a basis of "I like it," then why get excited by democracy? If it rests on no basis of the truth and necessity of human dignity, then it is a mere system of expediency, and if any other system, Nazi, Fascist or Communist, proves it can work better, off with the old, which we liked only because we were used to it anyway, and on with the new, which has had our sneaking admiration all along, because the principle-less world always loves a winner, no matter how he wins.

Schools, then, have *not* been educating for democracy. For half a century they have been knifing America in the back, and now, when the danger is urgent and extreme, they would educate for de-



mocracy by putting rifles in the hands of students, a uniform on their backs, and rest content that they are doing a good deal to save a way of life that they have been undermining for fifty years.

Now, in contrast to these immediate and showy moves in the non-sectarian colleges, which will probably become more and more obvious and showy as the crisis grows, there will in all probability be invidious comparisons at the expense of the Catholic universities and colleges. Why are not Fordham, let us say, and Georgetown, and Santa Clara, and Notre Dame, and Catholic University and countless others organizing air- and tank-corps? Why do they not wake up and start educating for democracy?

They do not and cannot *begin* to educate for democracy for the simple reason that they have never stopped. I make the claim that the Catholic schools are America's surest prop, are democracy's staunchest bulwark, because they always have educated and always will educate to an appreciation of principle, and a shaping of life according to principle. Their education is not and cannot be positivist. Catholicism, which means Christianity, is built on principle. For the Catholic, there are truths which never saw a test-tube or felt the pinch of the calipers. For a Catholic, there is certainty, bed-rock, unshakable truth, not only in the supernatural, but in the natural sphere as well, which does not depend on whim or caprice.

And one of these principles is the dignity of the human soul—its natural dignity through Creation to God's likeness, and its supernatural dignity through its Redemption by the Blood of Jesus Christ. This dignity demands freedom in all legitimate aims and strivings. It demands freedom from subjection to an omnipotent state.

There is the moral basis for democracy, and not in the writings of a Thomas Paine, whom Mrs. Roosevelt unfortunately picks as one of those who have taught us best what democracy means. There is its *only* basis, and the colleges that reek with positivist philosophy cannot teach it, because, by the very terms of that philosophy, they cannot teach that *any* bases are abiding and sure. They do not believe in any.

Do not be shamefaced, then, if Catholic colleges seem backward in jumping on the "educate for democracy" bandwagon. Catholic schools are educating for democracy, and when and if the acid test comes, they will prove their worth. Catholic students will *know* that democracy is a certain principle, and not a mere thing to like because we have always had it with us.

We have always thanked God for our Catholic schools and for the generous Catholics who have made them possible. The day will come when all Americans, Catholic or not, will, if they are honest to themselves and to the finest traditions of our country, also say: "Thank God for the Catholic universities and colleges and schools that kept democracy alive for us when others were as the blind led by the blind. Thank God that they, at least, kept before their students and before us all the fact that principles are principles and the truth truth."

## LATIN AMERICA WANTS CLEAR U.S. PRINCIPLES

CHARLES G. FENWICK

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SOME misunderstanding seems to have arisen in the United States in respect to the attitude of some of the Latin-American states toward the crisis created by the defeat of France and the threat of the complete domination of Europe by Germany. Allowance must be made, of course, for the fact that Latin Americans, like ourselves, are not of one mind as to the best policy to pursue while a political earthquake is in progress, and fifth columnists have not failed to add to the confusion of thought. But the chief cause for the misunderstanding seems to be the usual difficulty which North Americans have in realizing the differences between the moral and legal traditions of Latin America and of the United States, as well as the separate and distinct economic problems which confront Latin America.

To begin with, the idea of neutrality in Latin America means something quite different from what the average North American takes it to be. Neutrality has never been set up by Latin-American states as a principle of conduct governing their attitude toward foreign wars in general. Quite the opposite. The conception of neutrality, as suggesting the absence of any duty to distinguish between right and wrong, is wholly foreign to the Catholic traditions of most of the Latin-American states. Right and wrong between nations are to be judged on the same basis that right and wrong would be judged between individuals. To say, as some persons have said in the United States, that no state may sit in judgment upon another, that there is no standard of conduct by which nations may be judged, that national conduct is governed by certain historical and transcendental forces which defy the accepted standards of personal conduct would meet with instant repudiation by Latin Americans.

The obligations of the moral law are much too obvious to them for any such evasion. Governments in Latin America may do wrong, as they have done wrong; but philosophers have not come forward to defend them on the ground of some sovereign right to override the obligations of the moral law.

As a practical matter, neutrality means to Latin Americans merely a policy of keeping out of war when war has broken out and there is nothing more that can be done about it. It has never meant the absence of a duty to prevent war if it could be prevented. Latin Americans have never understood our attitude in announcing to the world, as we practically did by our neutrality legislation of 1935 and 1937, that we proposed to be neutral no matter what the circumstances of the war might be or whether one of the parties might be more guilty than the other.

A Colombian delegate protested to me at the Buenos Aires Conference that it was immoral for us not to make any distinction between Japan and China. I explained that our people were anxious to keep out of foreign wars. His answer was that acquiescence in wrongdoing might stave off trouble for a time, but that sooner or later the penalty would have to be paid. His government then proceeded to add a reservation to the neutrality clauses of the treaty under discussion, defining what should constitute an act of aggression and repudiating the principle of the equal treatment of both parties.

When war actually came last September, the Latin-American states were as eager to keep out of it as was the United States. Most of them had at one time or another been members of the League of Nations; but when it was seen that collective security had failed, they reverted quickly to traditional neutrality. They did so, however, without any feeling that neutrality offered them any real protection. They had no illusions that belligerents would respect the rights of neutrals just because neutrals were neutrals. They adopted an elaborate series of neutrality regulations which, on the whole, were in line with our own domestic statutes and regulations. They relied upon the pledges of "continental solidarity" that had been made at the Buenos Aires and Lima Conferences, and they looked to the United States to make those pledges effective. They met in consultation with the United States at Panama and sought to establish standards of neutral conduct which, if observed, might keep war from this continent. If some of them were a little dubious about the "security zone" proclaimed at Panama, it was not because they objected to the principles underlying the zone, but merely because they felt they did not have the forces at their command to defend the zone.

The invasion of Denmark and Norway in April, and the invasion of Holland and Belgium and Luxemburg a month later, did not dispel any illusions in Latin America as to the value of neutrality simply because there were no illusions to dispel. But the invasion did raise in many Latin-American minds the question whether they could any longer remain neutral in the presence of such monstrous crimes against neutrality. When the United States refused to support Argentina's proposal of a new status of "non-belligerency," there was nothing for Latin Americans to do but to resign themselves to whatever might come. They still hoped that if the British navy were defeated the United States would undertake to maintain the Monroe Doctrine and stand between them and a triumphant Germany. But they were none too confident in our ability to do so, even if we made the attempt.

What puzzled them was our apparent indifference to the fate of the British navy, which, as they saw it, was an essential condition to the effective maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. Many of their public men were of the opinion that if the British navy went under, the most we could do would be to protect the Caribbean area that guarded the entrance to the Canal, and that below that area we would be obliged to let things take their course

without any present help. In such case there would be little choice for many of the Latin-American states but to make the best terms they could with a victorious Germany dominating all Europe and controlling the markets in which they must of necessity sell their agricultural exports.

Quite apart from the propaganda carried on by fifth columnists who are not missing any opportunity of discrediting the leadership of the United States, there is reason enough why Latin Americans should be distrustful of certain aspects of our foreign policy. It just does not seem to them to be consistent that we should have been so indifferent during the past five years to the maintenance of law and order in other parts of the world and so concerned to maintain continental solidarity on this hemisphere. While reaffirming principles of cooperation at the Buenos Aires and Lima Conferences we were rejecting them in relation to the far graver problems of Europe and of Asia. Law and morality can not be so easily partitioned by continents. Neutrality in relation to hostilities carried on in Europe or in Asia seemed to belie the high principles asserted for the three Americas. If the Kellogg Pact was not worth maintaining on one hemisphere, it would not be maintained for its own sake on another.

There is much more of moral idealism in Latin Americans than most North Americans have been willing to credit to them. Their fundamental sense of right and wrong in terms of Christian morality is still strong, in spite of the inroads of propaganda from both Nazis and Communists. But their policy is obviously conditioned by what it is practically possible for them to do; and under the present circumstances there is nothing they can do but pursue their policy of neutrality as long as that seems to be the safest course. Still there is little doubt that they would abandon it quickly if the United States took a determined stand against Nazi aggression. But what they do not propose to do, as was evident behind the scenes of Havana, is to put themselves in a position defying Germany and then find that the people of the United States do not intend to follow through.

Until we have made a more definite choice, until we have decided whether we intend to adopt a policy of appeasement in the event of the defeat of Britain, they cannot be expected to take too bold a stand. Whether they like it or not, they will be obliged to come to terms with a triumphant Germany; and until they are more confident of protection from the United States they must walk warily. But if the United States could make up its mind, if the United States could declare to all the world that, come what may, we will never recognize the annexations which Germany has made by force of arms, and that if we cannot maintain the Monroe Doctrine today we will continue to arm until we are able to maintain it, the declaration would change the whole outlook of Latin America. It is not the leadership of the United States to which most Latin Americans object; it is the fact that in this crisis we do not seem to know where we propose to lead.



# HEMISPHERE PEACE BY CATHOLIC CULTURE

SENATOR DENNIS CHAVEZ

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THERE exists a splendid opportunity for the Catholic Church and its communicants to contribute to peace for the United States.

Expansion of our relations with South America is a sure way of advancing the peace of the United States. By improving our cultural, economic and political relations with our closest neighbors, a new world hegemony can be developed with such strength that it can withstand any economic, cultural or political onslaught from other parts of the world, irrespective of any solution established on European battlefields.

The Catholic Church and its communicants are historically the closest bond between the United States and South America, and by this kinship and common ground the Catholic Church occupies a strategically important position in fostering and cementing improved South-American relations.

I cannot hold with the theory that the United States can live in complete isolation. National prosperity and civilization cannot exist in a nation which does not live on free terms with its neighbors. Unfortunately, however, much of our prosperity and culture has been predicated on intimate relations with countries whose histories show them to be always involved in warfare. Exclusive political and economic relations with Europe are dangerous.

If it be true that we cannot live completely isolated, it behooves us to develop our foreign relations with those countries with which there is the most likelihood of peace, and which can assure us trade and cultural contacts compatible with our dignity as a great nation. It is obvious that if we are thrown into a European war, it will be because our commercial and political relations are almost exclusively concentrated in Europe. Why not then reverse this and see to it that our relations are just as advanced in South America?

Since there is danger of our participation as long as war continues, and since this will become increasingly more acute, those interested in keeping the United States at peace must develop a positive program. You cannot fight something with nothing, and only a fighting campaign for peace can successfully resist the tendency toward war. I can only hope that some day, some time, this great country of ours will learn to think of itself first and of its quarrelsome neighbors' domestic problems last.

Pan-Americanism in my opinion is our only recourse. The present national Administration has pointed the way by the development of the Good Neighbor Policy. But if the Good Neighbor Policy is to succeed, it must percolate from the heights of official action into the hearts of the people themselves, for Latin America is wary of the United

States—imperialism and dollar diplomacy are far more familiar to the Latin American as characteristic of American policy than is the Good Neighbor Policy.

If we are to have success in Latin America, there must be a change in the state of mind of the American toward the Latin American. Future contacts must be made on a basis of equality and friendship.

If this is necessary, then there can be no better way of changing this attitude than by dedicating the 20,000,000 communicants of the Catholic Church of the United States to spreading sympathy and good will for South America in the United States.

There are many problems and obstacles to overcome before Pan-Americanism can be successful. Even though we do live in the New World, geographically, the people of South America are much farther away from us than is Europe. They speak Spanish and Portuguese, their civilization is Latin, their religion is Catholic, and their economy is agricultural. Contrast this with our situation in the United States and you will see why it is so hard to bridge the tremendous cultural abyss between their civilization and ours.

The twenty million Catholics in the United States represent the strongest and most effective link with South-American good-will. Through them the bridge can be crossed.

South America is Catholic. They feel their religion strongly. Because of this they will recognize the close affinity between the American Catholics and themselves. They cannot help but be won to sympathy if approached on a ground which is common to them and to the United States.

There is no more heroic story in history than that made by the prowess of the Spanish warrior in conquering, exploring and colonizing the new world. But equally heroic and far-reaching was the work of the Spanish missionaries whose zeal during the same period won two continents for Christianity.

We are familiar with the missionary zeal of Jogues, Brebeuf and Marquette, but we are doubtless less acquainted with those heroic Catholic priests in what is now the American Southwest, who labored against the elements in order to establish Christianity among the savage tribes.

The work of the missionaries, most of whom won martyrdom in what is now New Mexico, California and Texas, is mentioned not in order to call attention to their heroic deeds, but to point to the fact that the monumental work which they erected in the United States is identical in culture with that which exists today in all Latin America. Missions, schools and all the civilizing effects of true Christianity were propagated by the Catholic missionaries throughout Latin America, just as they were in New Mexico.

Here then lies the common ground on which the approach to South-American good-will can be made. The Catholic Church in the United States, with reasonable expectation of success through its common heritage with Catholic Latin America, can lead the way.

# HOW STANDS THE CHURCH? DIXIE AND THE WEST ANSWER

GERARD DONNELLY

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THE Catholic clergy of the South believe that antipathy to the Church is growing in the nation. Moreover, when queried about their own parishes, they assert they are personally aware of local instances of attack or propaganda.

Both statements (made in answer to AMERICA'S poll on bigotry) express the opinion of a majority, not of a whole, and to each opinion there is a strong minority dissent. But, undeniably, if the reader looks only to the percentages given below, he will see an old belief corroborated: the South is a vast and fertile area for the pope-baiter, and Dixie shrinks from Catholics even more than she does from Republicans.

The South here means all the States below a line drawn from Richmond to Oklahoma City, but Kentucky is also included as the thirteenth State. From this broad belt across the nation, 159 clerics answered our poll. "Is anti-Catholicism growing throughout the country?" they were asked. They answered:

Yes: 56%                      No: 44%

"But what about your own district," they were asked again; "are you personally aware of anti-Catholic incidents or publications?" And again the vicars vote on the uglier side:

Yes: 57.3%                      No: 42.7%

But certain facts contributed along with their ayes and nays must be noted here. They are facts which cannot be squeezed into mathematical percentages, yet modify the picture essentially.

For instance, a number of clerics who vote affirmatively above, are at pains to add that their actual contacts with the enemy have not exceeded one or two, have occurred only recently, and have been only with the Witnesses. A response of that type throws the ballot into the left-hand column, but it clearly implies that anti-Catholicism is not the usual *modus vivendi* in the voter's bailiwick and perhaps did not exist at all until the coming of the Rutherforders.

Again, many of the respondents see antipathy to the Church as something imposed upon the Southerner by professional fanatics, scandal-mongers and other merchants of hate. They do not see it as a natural instinct of the Mason-Dixon heart, or as a tradition breathed in under an Alabama sky. The word most frequently used by the priests is ignorance, by which they mean lack of knowledge about the Church on the part of both the well and poorly educated. This makes the South

an open target for the benighted revivalist and Revelations-quoter who has no other topic for his sermons than dread of the Beast of Rome. There is plenty of anti-Catholic feeling, our observers admit, but in general the Southerner is a victim, and not a carrier of the disease.

Besides (our correspondents insist) great groups of these people have never been infected, or at least not dangerously infected, by horror preaching on the Scarlet Woman or other Tom Heflin bugaboos. As a result, these groups entertain no deep feeling about the Church one way or the other; they know little good about her, but on the other hand, little bad; and if approached, they seem willing, and even eager, to hear Catholic dogmas explained.

"If you detect bigotry, what do you think is its cause?" the Catholic clerics were queried.

"Protestant ministers, although definitely a minority," answers a Virginian. "Baptist ministers," says a Mississippian, "trying to hold their people now dissatisfied with the religious smattering they get in their churches." "Protestant pulpits," is the diagnosis from all the thirteen States, but usually qualified with a distinction like this response from Georgia: "Ministers in well-to-do churches are broadminded and tolerant, but the Sears-Roebuck variety are a source of great evil in their dealings with poorly educated and ignorant people."

The opinions of the minority make heart-warming reading. Local bigotry or any evidences of it are frequently denied by angry vicars who heavily capitalize their Noes and underline them blackly. This note is from a bright-sider: "Conversions are growing by leaps and bounds." This from Georgia: "People hereabouts are quite friendly and fair." From Alabama: "Feeling is growing favorably to the Church." From Texas: "I notice only more tolerance in Dallas." From North Carolina: "In this region, anti-Catholicism, or at least much of it, has been eliminated since Al Smith's campaign." And this hopeful note also comes from the Tar Heel State: "North Carolina is today a veritable paradise for a Catholic priest. People go out of their way to show us kindness and deference."

From the horse-and-cow country not far from Uvalde a priest lifts his voice in indignation at our question: "Bigotry? Why, even here in our Protestant South, we have not seen or heard of any such thing!" And from just below the Roanoke comes



this devastating negative: "Here, where only one third of one per cent is Catholic, it is refreshing to hear 'Hello, Father!' from Protestants and ministers on all sides. In this county I have found only one bigot—and he is from Vermont."

Richmond contributes a simple but dramatic story of a trailer-chapel mission in the Northern Neck section of Virginia. Because it tells the same story told by other cheerful responses from below Thirty-six Thirty, it is here quoted at length—as a summary of the South, her people, their attitude, their needs.

"A priest was unknown to these people before we drove our chapel trailer into this town. They were timid at first—naturally. Then after a day or two they packed and jammed our lot, and kept it up every night during our two weeks' stay. The Masons proved excellent neighbors, even after we had explained the Church's objections to their Order; they sent us fifty chairs each night. The people outdid themselves in kindness and generosity, vying with one another to introduce us around the town, sending us refreshments, ice cream and soft drinks each night after services. We preached the Church and her doctrines and answered all questions. We had farmers and mechanics, white and black. We had the lawyer of the town, the doctor, and even the minister. These people came not only once but many times, some from a distance of twelve or more miles. Two truckloads of Negroes, along with the whites. The Methodist Sunday School picnic was shortened in order to let the people come to hear us in the evening. They hated to see us go. They begged us to return. They thanked us for coming. We find receptivity on the part of the non-Catholic, and we find that most of the questions can be answered out of Conway's *Question Box* of forty years ago."

By "the West," this poll means all the square miles that lie between Puget Sound and San Diego on the Coast, and east to Coffeyville and Grand Forks, North Dakota. Within these four, far-distant points are fifteen American States.

Two hundred and seventeen Catholic priests responded to our poll from this great section of the country. In itself that is a considerable group of clergy, and a report from the same number of newspaper editors or prosecuting attorneys would offer a fair picture of political sentiment or law observance within the same States. And yet, for reasons which need not be discussed here, the compiler feels that no accurate picture of this vast area could possibly be painted by any fewer than a thousand observers.

Each of the fifteen States contributed answers, but Utah, for instance, turned in a number equal only to Utah's electoral vote, while four other States gave fewer than ten answers each.

Hence, the following figures must be looked at not exactly as a poll, but rather as a sampling of Western opinion, and a sample, as devotees of Dr. Gallup well realize by this time, must allow for margins of error "due to the size of the sample itself."

On the question of increasing bigotry in the country, the Western clergy split into equally balanced wings.

They were asked: "Do you believe there is a growing feeling of anti-Catholicism throughout the United States?" With 210 advancing an opinion, the clergymen voted:

Yes: 50%

No: 50%

"But what about your own district; are you personally aware of anti-Catholic activities there?" In answer, Angelinos joined with Denverites, Salt Lakers, Albuquerqueans, Fargonians and men from Hastings or Cheyenne, 217 in all.

Yes: 48.3%

No: 51.6%

Ignorance is the cause overwhelmingly named by those clergymen who see anti-Catholicism on the up-grade. They do not find their fellow citizens blameworthy in this; on the contrary they deplore the tragic lack of priests and Catholic teaching in the spacious regions of the West.

Along with that, the pastors emphasize in surprising numbers their own mistake in not participating often enough in patriotic affairs, particularly in the smaller towns.

The lead-off man for the defense wins a laugh for his contribution: "I see no anti-Catholicism among my people: I work exclusively among the Indians." Optimistic is this scholarly padre in an adobe parish along the Rio Grande: "All these bigot movements play out by the natural good sense of the participants, when they come to realize what fools they have made of themselves. Our best friend here is an ex-KKK who feels ashamed of himself and has something to live down."

"I find non-Catholics uniformly eager to learn of things Catholic," comes from California. "I find more and more people," asserts a New Mexican, "favorably interested in the Church, especially the young." And from the Jayhawk State, traditionally the home of morality-by-law and of weird gospels, comes this: "I see only a great hunger for Catholicism and a great admiration of the Church."

Those priests—both the Southerners and the Westerners above, who saw anti-Catholicism growing in the nation, if not at home, attributed it to the same causes that had previously been named by their *confrères* of New England, the Central-Atlantic and the Mid-West States. These causes are chiefly: Communism; the attribution of Fascism to the Church because of Mussolini and Franco; crooked Catholic politicians; political moves threatening union of Church and State or something like it; the war; Godless education in the public schools; the immense prestige of the Pope in world affairs; the "Jewish plot" (though only two or three Southerners and Westerners mentioned this). A number of the majority felt that anti-Catholicism was only a phase of the modern rebellion against religion in general and its moral restraints; in brief to paganism.

And the theme, Faults of the Clergy Themselves, was not muted by the cloth south of the Potomac, the Cumberland or the Cimarron, nor by the revered pastors from Omaha west.

# HOW TO INFLUENCE POLITICIANS AND WIN CLEAN GOVERNMENT

## FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN

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LIKE ancient Rome, the fifteen-thousand-population city in which I live is built on seven hills or bluffs. The seven bluffs are respectively the Mayor, the City Attorney, and five Councilmen.

When I say this, I make a truly conservative statement. We are bluffs, great big bluffs, as any citizen quickly finds out if he really determines to force us to act. We're scared to death of our lives—our political lives—and any threat you make against those lives finds us scurrying for our mental bomb-proof shelters.

If, however, you don't really mean business, if you want what you're after only half-heartedly, we are smart enough to detect that and play Nero to you from a towering throne made up of hide-bound custom and selfish indifference. And, remember this! It is almost impossible to dislodge us once we have climbed up there—so, watch yourself and keep your feet solidly on the ground.

Because, you see, this "hide-bound custom" on which we perch is really a quite ancient and well tested structure. It dates from the day when someone watched a hard-boiled politician patting a constituent's back with one hand and rifling his pocket with the other. This someone, apparently a philosopher, shrugged, shook his head, and murmured: "It seems to be a law of life that to the victors belong the spoils."

Not only is this, then, an ancient and well tested device, but it has, furthermore, been amplified till today it casts its shadow over all too much of our small-town political life. We see proof of the fact on every hand. In fact, without it, there are certain things in our town—and, by all the laws of probability, in yours and yours and yours—that just don't make sense. They don't add up right.

For instance, why under the sun should any man in his right senses, even if he be as stupid as some of our worst politicians are, spend three thousand dollars campaign money to get elected for two years to a ten-dollar-a-month job? You see, there is something wrong about the arrangement. On the surface, it appears silly. Inside, it is rotten.

That small-town highwayman hopes to get his three thousand—and a lot more—out of your pocket and mine. Or, is he just a big-hearted, public-spirited citizen, perhaps?

Here is the way that little handmaiden of bad government works. You see, if he is smart enough to raise an umbrella in a rainstorm, your three-thousand-dollar-campaign-fund Councilman does

not plan to get his stake back in the form of hundred-dollar bills shoved across the counter in batches of ten. He is much too wise for that! He gets his "legitimately," which is to say only that you cannot send him to jail for this form of stealing.

As an example, suppose he is an insurance agent. Now, there is nothing in the law of the land or the primer of social ethics that says that, just because you are a Councilman in a two-by-four town, you cannot write a policy covering a tractor company's sales offices and store-rooms.

Of course, the tractor company may be looking forward to selling the city a piece of turned-in junk which falls apart in the next high wind. Naturally and necessarily, of course, our Councilman does not know this, does not even suspect it, does not—well, anyhow, he goes ahead and writes the policy.

Or, if he is in the drug business, there is no reason why he should not have the doctor, who insists that all prescriptions be filled at his drugstore, be appointed police physician.

Or, if he is a building contractor. . . . You see, there is no end to the ways and means by which you can make a three-thousand-dollar campaign expenditure build up into something quite sizeable and still stay out of jail. Your conscience may bother you—but the police will not, and that is what counts with most Councilmen "on the make."

Also, that is where this so-called "selfish indifference" comes in. Suppose you are a tractor salesman. You sell good tractors, admittedly the best on the market. Maybe the city already owns one which it bought in a golden two years of honest government. That tractor has never cost the city one cent for repairs. So, you feel that that gives you the right to go to Councilman Insurance and say to him: "Look here! The tractor you bought from us ten years ago is still running great guns. It's never given a minute's trouble. Never cost a cent for parts. Now that you need another, how's to look ours over for possible purchase?"

Maybe he will pick up a letter from his desk and start reading it. Or, he will grab his golf-bag in one fist, your hand in the other, pump it as though he is trying to break your wrist, and yell: "Glad to see you, old timer! Drop in any time! Always enjoy talking with you!" Then he dashes for the door.

You see, that is what is called "selfish indifference," or less elegantly, "the good, old run-around." Councilman Insurance is not half so busy or rushed



as he pretends to be. In fact, he has been listening to every single word you say with both ears and, as he listens, he is asking himself: "How under the sun am I going to crawl out of here without looking silly and without giving this lug a hunch that I've already given my word to buy a Fullywrecked Tractor for so much over the counter?"

He knows he has done the wrong thing in promising to buy your rival's tractor without competitive bidding or without giving yours a trial. He knows he is being as crooked as the road that leads from Poverty to Sudden Wealth. And, if you get hard and suggest that he'd maybe like a term in the State's prison, you'll maybe have the surprising experience of watching a man turn into a jellyfish before your unbelieving eyes.

If you do not, there is probably one of three reasons why you don't "pour it on him," don't give him a righteous mental Third Degree.

In the first place, it is just barely possible that you yourself, in times past, have not been any better in your business dealings than you had to be, and you figure that the less said about professional ethics the more enjoyable for you.

Or, it may be that you have not the courage to climb this particular big bluff that we have been talking about and look down into his own peculiar Promised Land: "I promised you that"; "I promised him this—before election."

Those are the things that haunt him—the promises he has made and never carried out. So, remember that he is a lot more worried about the things he has not done than you could possibly be about the thing you are trying to get him to do.

In other words, don't let a loud mouth and a high sounding title scare you away from the thing you set out to get. If you care enough about what you have come for, granted that it is legitimate, you will go away with it or a promise of it. If you fail, it is because you have not cared enough to threaten and to fight if necessary.

Of course, there is a third obstacle to consider, and I have a feeling that it is far the most common. You have a clear conscience and a determined spirit, but you "just do not know how to go about the job of handling a Councilman." You have thought of writing a letter to the Mayor, or attending a Council meeting, or phoning a friend who knows someone who knows your Councilman personally, or, terrifying thought, you even consider phoning him direct.

It is all very confusing, but the cure for it is very simple. If you mean business, if what you are seeking is worth fighting for, the pathway before you is well defined and really not so very rocky. If you remember that "constituent" is not only heavenly music to his ears but the sharpest lash which you can lay across his back, then more than half your battle is already won.

So, go to his office and state your problem directly. Tell him what you want done, about how much it is going to cost, and point out to him any resulting economies or increased business for the town which may offset or justify the expenditure. Be specific, be brief, and, above all, be determined.

Remember that he will probably say: "Yes, yes. We'll see what we can do about it!" To which, your only reply is: "When?"

He will probably jump as though you had stuck him with a pin. He will clear his throat and start hedging. You see, to his way of thinking, the ideal constituent is a person to whom he can say: "Yes, yes." And then do nothing. Your abrupt "When?" has put a stop to all such nonsense. It has, moreover, in all probability, so startled him and pushed him back on his heels that he will grant your request without further palaver.

If you give him time to think, though, those two little devils, "hide-bound custom" and "selfish indifference" will start whispering in his ear. They will say: "Go easy, now! Don't get sucked in on a promise! Remember, it's always easier to leave things as they are than to start stirring them up! If you stir too much, someone may detect a sour smell from a few of the deals you've pulled off!"

However, if you insist on pinning him down, he will finally get mad and yell at you: "No! It can't be done! Now, get out of here!"

That is your cue to smile sweetly at him, get up, and as you start for the door, murmur: "Thank you, Councilman Insurance. That's all I wanted to find out. You know and I know that this thing is right, reasonable, and for the good of the town. What's more, thirty voters down in our ward know the same thing. Now, we realize that you're sorely tempted—to sit back and do nothing, or to make a trade—that is, do some other Councilman a favor just to get one later on for yourself. So, we thirty-one voters, including myself, are going to watch you! We're going to wait and see whether you let this situation drag along, or whether you're going to use it for some funny deal. In either case, we're going to attend the next Council meeting after you take action and we're going to ask right out loud just why you handled it in this way. In other words, in broad daylight, we're going to take you and your motives and your past record apart and show them to the public."

By this time, if he is a crook, he will pick up his phone and get action right then and there. If, on the other hand, your pet idea just does not make sense and your Councilman is as honest as you can expect him to be, he will probably smile back at you and assure you that he would relish nothing better than a thorough investigation to give him all the publicity in the world for the next campaign.

However, chances are that, if you have progressed this far and have a dozen or two neighbors agreeing with you, you are probably on the right track and that only a hide-bound and selfish legislator is standing between you and success. So, do not let his official inertia and greed stump you. Remember that he would always rather say "Yes" and do "No," but do not let him get away with it. You put him in office. He's your servant—hired at ten-dollars-a-month. He's got to mind what you say—or else!

But don't, whatever you do, confess where you found out how to bulldoze him into doing what you want.

# CHRONICLE

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**THE ADMINISTRATION.** The Excess Profits Tax-Amortization Bill and the Third Supplemental Defense Appropriation Bill carrying \$1,482,000,000 became law with the President's signature. . . . Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox ordered the Navy's organized reserves, totalling 27,591 officers and enlisted men of the fleet and Marine Corps, to active duty for an indefinite period. He disclosed that the Pacific Fleet personnel was being increased to full strength, and warned the nation it was approaching "an hour of test." . . . The State Department revealed that American consuls in Japan, China, Hong Kong, Indo-China, Manchuria, Kwantung, Korea and Formosa had been instructed to warn American citizens in those regions to return to the United States. . . . The Department of Agriculture announced it would no longer pay subsidies on export of wheat and flour consigned to Hong Kong and China. It was reported that these exports had found their way to the Japanese army.

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**WASHINGTON.** In 1938, the C.I.O. tried unsuccessfully to have Congress pass legislation prohibiting companies, whom the National Labor Relations Board adjudged guilty of violating the Labor Act, from receiving Government contracts. Last week, at the request of Sidney Hillman, C.I.O. Vice President and Advisory Defense Commission member, Attorney General Jackson issued an informal opinion, in which he held that National Labor Relations Board decrees finding a company in violation of the Labor Act are "binding and conclusive upon the other agencies" of the Government "unless and until these findings are reversed by a court." The Jackson opinion was universally interpreted as meaning that the numerous companies which had appealed Labor Board rulings could not receive defense contracts until courts had decided in their favor. In Congress were heard denunciations of the Jackson opinion as "sabotage of defense." Representative Howard W. Smith, of the House Committee Investigating the Labor Board, introduced a joint resolution of supersedeas declaring that despite the Jackson opinion, no ruling of any Government agency shall be binding while an appeal from such a ruling is pending in the courts. Messrs. Jackson and Hillman were charged by Representative Routzohn of planning to assist an organizing drive for the C.I.O. in defense industries and to provide the first step for Government confiscation of industries. Testifying before the Smith Committee, Attorney General Jackson disputed the general interpretation placed on his opinion, declared the opinion merely meant that Labor Board findings extended to whether or not the law had been violated, that these findings could not be reversed by any other Government agency, only by

competent courts. . . . Vice President Garner again abandoned Washington for Texas. . . . The WPA reported an increase of 43,142 persons on work-relief rolls between September 25 and October 2, raising the WPA total to 1,746,518. . . . The Supreme Court opened its new term. . . . Reports that the Roosevelt Administration was paralleling Great Britain in seeking closer relations with the Bolshevik regime increased following a conference between Constantine Oumansky, Soviet Ambassador to Washington, and Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles. . . . When a Mexican representative of Almazan in the United States attempted to register and named as his principal "General Juan Andreu Almazan, legitimate President-elect of Mexico," the State Department declared this registration statement "inimical to the foreign policy of the United States," apparently because of the surplage of wordage, and canceled it. It was said that the Almazan representative could enter another application for registration. . . . The 300 United States Army tanks transferred to Canada began arriving in the Dominion.

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**AT HOME.** While losing other phases of his case, Henry Ford was upheld in his "free speech" plea against the National Labor Relations Board. The Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati ruled that the Wagner Labor Act does not "sanction an invasion of liberties guaranteed to all citizens by the First Amendment" and set aside a Labor Board order forbidding "dissemination of propaganda" by the Ford Company among its employees. . . . The conviction of James J. Hines on twelve felony counts was upheld by the New York Court of Appeals. . . . In Boston, the Federal Court of Appeals issued a decision enforcing a National Labor Relations Board order against the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., ruled the corporation had refused to bargain with the C.I.O. . . . Governor Olson of California signed a bill barring the Communist party from the State ballot. . . . Herbert Hoover defended sending food to the conquered nations of Europe, declared: "It is a problem for cooperation and not controversy." . . . Tourists from the United States spent \$47,000,000 less for travel in foreign countries during the first half of 1940 than during the corresponding period of 1939, a drop of 25 per cent, the Commerce Department reported. Expenditures for European travel dropped 86 per cent. . . . Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, warned his faculty not to abuse academic freedom. "Before and above academic freedom of any kind or sort," he declared, "comes the right and freedom of the university" to pursue its ideals. Academic freedom holds no meaning whatsoever for students, Dr. Butler maintained.



... In New York, George Scalise, former president of the Building Service Employees International Union, was sentenced to ten to twenty years in Sing Sing for stealing union funds. Scalise was convicted in 1913 on a white-slave charge. ... In Cleveland, Albert Ruddy, president of the A.F. of L. Carpenters' District Council, was convicted of extorting \$8,500 from building contractors.

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CONGRESS. Following completion of Congressional action on the \$150,000,000 Defense Housing Bill, the measure was sent to the White House. ... The House passed, sent to the President, a bill making interstate transportation of stolen live-stock a Federal offense. ... Senator Barkley, Administration leader, announced the Anti-Lynching Bill, approved by the House, would not be called up for Senate consideration. ... The Senate approved a bill empowering the Secretary of State to withhold payment of \$2,600,000,000 deposited in the United States by nations later conquered by Germany. Under the measure, the Secretary could decide to whom payment might be made. ... Legislation authorizing courts to suspend civil liabilities of military trainees was approved by both Houses. Income taxes, instalment and insurance payments, foreclosures are included among the liabilities. ... A measure requiring registration of foreign-controlled political organizations carrying on military activities was passed and sent to the White House. ... Congress completed action on the \$239,000,000 deficiency bill, which provided funds for training 700,000 civilian defense workers and \$40,000,000 for construction of airports, completed action also on legislation extending sugar quotas for another year. ... The bill authorizing States to establish home guards to replace National Guard units called to Federal service was passed by the Senate.

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INTERNATIONAL. Colonel Fulgencio Batista was inaugurated as President of Cuba. ... German troops moved into Rumania to protect Rumanian oil fields. ... Rumania banned shipment of oil to Greece. ... British protests to Bucharest concerning treatment of British nationals were rejected by the Rumanian Government. ... The Finnish Government entered into an agreement with Russia for permanent demilitarization of the Aland Islands, situated midway between Finland and Sweden. ... Sources in Argentina reported the United States was seeking establishment of naval, land and air bases in various South American nations. ... Continuing reprisals for imprisonment of Germans in the Netherlands Indies, the German Government arrested 100 additional Hollanders. ... The Vichy Government disclosed that two demands on Indo-China territory had been made by Thailand (Siam) and rejected. Jean Zay, former Premier Leon Blum's Minister of Education and a lieutenant in the French Army was convicted of desertion in the face of the enemy. As Minister of Education, Zay ordered teachers not to wear religious medals. ... Cardinal Suhard was installed as Archbishop

of Paris. ... Addressing a feminine Catholic Action group, Pope Pius scored immodesty in dress and the tyranny of fashion. He called for a reconstruction of society on a Christian basis, the restoration of matrimony to its Sacramental dignity. ... In Tokyo, Premier Konoye declared if the United States challenges the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis, there will be no course open but war, that if Washington would recognize Japanese leadership in East Asia, Tokyo would recognize United States leadership of the Americas.

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GREAT BRITAIN. General Charles de Gaulle landed at Duala, Cameroons, raised the standard of the "Free French" forces on French soil in Africa for the first time. ... Prime Minister Winston Churchill was elected leader of the Conservative party, succeeding Neville Chamberlain. ... Prime Minister Churchill, addressing the House of Commons, stated that since the war began Britain has suffered as a result of air bombing 8,500 killed, 13,000 wounded. ... He declared that the British Government would not renew its agreement with Japan concerning the Burma Road over which supplies to China are shipped. The agreement to keep the route closed ended October 17. Regarding Spain, the Prime Minister said: "All we seek is that Spain will not become a channel of supply to our mortal foe." ... The House of Commons was informed by Richard Austen Butler, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that Anglo-American conversations on cooperation in the Pacific were under way.

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WAR. The British-German air duel, fiercest in military history, continued unabated. ... The London Government listed more than 200 centers in Germany and German-occupied territory which have been bombed by British airmen. German sources admitted that the R.A.F. made 1,471 flights over Reich territory and dropped 7,542 bombs during September. The British raiders kept up their incessant pounding of Nazi-held coastal points and military targets in Germany proper. During one night-raid on Berlin, the R.A.F. loosed ten tons of bombs on the city. ... Nazi flyers swarmed over England, Scotland, Wales, aiming punishing blows at numerous objectives. The Reich aerial armada staged day and night attacks on London, hurling during one day's raid alone more than 150 tons of bombs on the capital. ... The London Government announced a plan for financing evacuation of mothers and children. ... Berlin claimed its submarines had sunk 5,000,000 tons of British shipping, its airplanes 2,000,000 tons, since the outset of the war. London denied the claim, asserted moreover its losses had been offset by newly acquired tonnage. ... The British Fleet launched a blockade of Madagascar. ... British warships shelled the Italian-owned Dodecanese Islands. ... Rome reported new attacks by its infantry on the Egyptian front. ... A British submarine fired into the Italian city of Savona. ... Two British submarines were sunk, Rome claimed.

## FIGHT AS AMERICANS

THE campaign against the Republican candidate for the Presidency is developing two extremely foul and dangerous tendencies. One is promoted openly; the other by furtive suggestion.

It is asserted that nothing "can give Hitler, Stalin, and the Government of Japan more satisfaction" than the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt for his long-sought third term. This opinion, lately given publicity by the Governor of New York, did not originate with him. It can be found in the text of a speech submitted by Henry Wallace to, and approved by the President some weeks ago. Later, in a press conference, the President quoted with relish a newspaper paragraph which contained substantially the same statement.

Mr. Willkie is fully justified in replying that "any man, in high position or low, who impugns my patriotism is a coward and a cur." We do not censure the Lehman-Wallace-Roosevelt insinuations on the ground that they will take votes from Mr. Willkie. We do not think that they will. President Wilson, in the Congressional campaign of 1918, asked the re-election of the Democratic Congress on the ground that the election of Republicans would greatly hearten the Kaiser. At that time, the country was actually at war, but the people showed their resentment by destroying the Democratic majority in both Houses. Our protest is rooted in the conviction that unfair charges and insinuations can do as much, and sometimes more, to debase politics as the use of money to buy votes.

The other manifestation which we regret is perhaps even more dangerous and contemptible. It is said that Mr. Willkie's father was born in Germany, and, what is far worse, was a Catholic. Both "charges" are, of course, true. Intelligent people will note that they apply with equal force to thousands of American citizens, men of high type, real assets to their communities in every part of this country. But these charges are not whispered to intelligent people. They are sedulously propagated in localities ruled by anti-racial bigotry and hatred of the Catholic Church, and they will appeal only to individuals whose support no decent man can solicit, or accept if offered.

We had hoped that this campaign might be made an open forum for the discussion of evils which sorely afflict our people. We are suffering from an economic depression, now in its eleventh year. To quote the President, millions are ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. Our national debt has reached terrifying proportions, and taxes which, to quote the President again, are paid by every man in the sweat of his brow, bid fair to make the people worse-fed, worse-clothed, and worse-housed. Not only is labor still arrayed against capital, in a strife that penalizes both, but labor is now arrayed against labor.

In the name of common decency, let us ban these vile campaigns, and fight as Americans. Our first interest is neither Great Britain nor the Axis Powers, but the welfare of the United States.

# EDITO

## VOTERS IN BONDS

INHABITANTS of the District of Columbia cannot vote. They are too near the seat of government for safety. Soldiers in the regular army posts cannot vote. They do not live in any of the States. But civil employes of the Federal Government can vote, and this year they with their families will cast about 6,000,000 ballots. As Harry Hopkins once said, they will be expected to remember the hand that feeds them. If we want a completely unhampered electorate, we can either abolish Federal patronage, or, by constitutional enactment, the vote for Federal employes and their dependents.

## PRAY FOR

SOMEWHERE in a lonely part of the world, a missionary is waiting for help. His home is a hut, his food scanty and often wholly unpalatable, and usually he goes about in a clerical garb that is faded and patched. But he is a man who welcomes hardship. It makes his life more like his Master's. For that reason, he has given up his home, his country, and all that can make life easy and comfortable. He is an exile for Christ's sake, to do Christ's work in seeking the "other" sheep still outside the fold.

But the help that he begs is not for himself. It is not even for the material comfort of his people. It is for Christ, and for the furtherance of the mission which Christ established on earth. He asks our help that he may bring to Christ souls for whose salvation Our Lord died.

By direction of the Holy Father, October 20 will be celebrated all over the world as Mission Sunday. For the last weeks, we, or some of us, have listened to radio addresses by Prelates and priests who put before us the needs of our foreign missions. Their work is crowned today by the words, borne to us over the radio, of the Successor of Him Who went out into the desert to seek the sheep that was lost, and the sheep that had never known His Fold.

We Americans must not be deaf to the pleading of the Vicar of Christ, and of our Bishops. Their request is directed to us in particular. Despite our poverty, we alone can give the aid that is needed by the missions. The Holy Father is not putting a burden upon us. He is inviting us to take advantage of an opportunity. If we



## THE BURDEN GROWS

IN 1900, there were but three bureaus and commissions in Washington, operating at an annual cost of \$820,000. By 1925, these three had increased to thirty-three, and the annual costs to \$500,000,000. In 1940, Washington harbors about 300 bureaus, agencies, and commissions, and the costs are computed in figures that are familiar only to astronomers. What is far more ominous, about 116 of these termitic creations arrogate authority to enact law for the country, and usurp the power of the courts to decide cases arising under this alleged "law." Is that Government, or is it bureaucracy?

## OUR COUNTRY

use it, the blessing of God will come in overflowing measure to ourselves and to our country.

Not one among us but has his trials and tribulations. We turn to God in our distress, and pray that our burden may be lightened. But a prayer that will go straight to the throne of God, is a donation made to the Propagation of the Faith. If to make the gift means a heavy sacrifice, we can be sure that Our Lord, Who gave all for the salvation of souls, will repay us with riches that can never be taken away.

But we must not give grudgingly. We must not even give according to our means. For this cause, we must give generously.

During the first World War, we were exhorted to give for the country's needs, not in small measure, but to "give until it hurts." That ought to be the measure of our gift to God on Mission Sunday. Some of us can give only a few pennies. Others can give thousands of dollars. And with our gifts, all of us can offer prayers, that the work of the missionaries may be blessed by an abundant harvest of souls for Christ.

Our country, too, needs prayers. After more than ten years of a cruel economic stringency, millions are unemployed, and millions still lack the necessities of life. We are threatened by the machinations of evil men who would spread the war into regions thus far free from slaughter. Our donation to the missions tomorrow will carry our prayers to Him Whose kingdom is a Kingdom of Peace.

## ACADEMIC CHAINS

SINGULARLY hard to please is Mr. H. G. Wells, now on a propaganda tour in this country. Arriving in New York, he tells us that as long as Halifax remains in the British Cabinet, no reconciliation with Russia is possible, and that should Russia remain unreconciled, Great Britain's chances of winning this war are very small. Whether his propaganda tour is primarily in the interests of the Soviet or of England, is not yet quite clear, but in either case, Mr. Wells feels that he is competent to advise us Americans.

Yet hardly had Mr. Wells been passed through Quarantine, when an untoward event deflected his attention from Russia and Great Britain. That event was the address of President Butler to his professors at Columbia. That this address sorely displeased Mr. Wells, is evidence in support of the position advanced at the outset of these reflections.

Dr. Butler, it seems to Mr. Wells, is a tyrant who has destroyed academic freedom at Columbia. Coming at this time, Dr. Butler's brutal assault is a powerful aid to all who are working to destroy our constitutional guarantee of free speech. It is clear, contends Mr. Wells, averting his eyes from his ideal, the Soviet Government, that Dr. Butler has sacrificed liberty on the altar of the capitalist.

But what would Mr. Wells have? It can hardly be assumed that he finds freedom for the worker, free speech, academic freedom, or any kind of freedom, in his Promised Land, the Soviet Republics. The Communists who have created a country which wins Mr. Wells' approval, have also created a regime under which no man has any rights of any kind, but is merely a pawn to be moved, or to be destroyed, as Stalin wishes. Since Dr. Butler, by one speech, has effected what Stalin won only after shedding torrents of blood, it would appear that he should qualify for Mr. Wells' approval. That Dr. Butler is found wanting, makes us suspect that Propagandist Wells does not always mean what he says.

The general public will probably find Dr. Butler's remarks free from treason. We may even grant Dr. Butler's right to decide at what point his professors leave the field of proper academic freedom to make an improper use of the institution with which they are connected. No one on the staff of Columbia is compelled to teach at Columbia. Not one was hailed from his peaceful avocations, and hurled by Dr. Butler's minions into a professorial chair. All obtained their positions by agreement with the University, and under terms held to be fair by the contracting parties. Since some authority must decide upon cases which indicate violation of these terms, it is reasonable to allow that the court of first instance be Dr. Butler and his associates. Should legal claims be also involved, the civil courts are always open.

Difficult cases will, of course, arise. One might ask, for instance, what, precisely, are "the high ideals" of Columbia, which Dr. Butler is at pains to protect against loose thinkers and looser talkers

on the faculty. In Dr. Butler's view, Columbia is "a center of sound learning," but it seems to us that when Dr. Butler, a few years ago, compared the American college, with its variety of unrelated courses, to a cafeteria, he might well have had Columbia in mind. Even more difficult is it to accept Columbia as "a center of sound moral teaching." If there has been a vagary in morals or religion that could not claim the protection of one or other school of "thought" at Columbia, and without effective rebuke from Dr. Butler, we have failed to hear of it.

Yet with all this said, Dr. Butler has a better case than either Mr. Wells or the malodorous Russell. Membership in a university brings with it definite responsibilities, and men who are unable to live up to them should perceive the impropriety of accepting membership. They are then free to pursue whatever line of thought and speech they may elect, and the university is free from their impeding presence.

Perhaps the real source of the disapproval expressed by Mr. Wells is this peaceful solution. That is not the way cases are solved in Russia.

## FREE ELECTIONS

NOT long ago, the President told us that no dictator ever submitted his cause to a free election. Underlying his statement was the assumption that in the United States, elections are always, or at least generally, "free."

We wish we could share that assumption. But the facts are against it. Under the patronage system which has grown up in the United States, elections are rarely free. In some localities, they are never free, unless the wrath of the people has been aroused by some outrageous attempt to buy votes by money or jobs, or to intimidate voters by threatening punishment.

The elections in Kentucky and Tennessee two years ago, one of which returned the Democratic leader to the Senate, were not free. According to the Senate Committee which investigated them, they were shot through and through by corruption. These were brave words, but empty, since no attempt was made to displace from office any who profited by this corruption.

Speaking in Cleveland on October 6, Senator Hatch "expressed doubt as to the administration and enforcement" of the law prohibiting political activity by Federal employees. Many will not agree with the Senator.

They have no doubt whatever that the law is not being enforced. It will not be enforced until Senator Gillette's Committee, charged with the duty of uncovering political graft in the coming elections, summons up more courage than it has thus far displayed.

We hope that the Committee will not utterly fail. Half a dozen Federal indictments in half a dozen States might give some color of truth to the President's happy assumption that elections are always "free."

## UNSHAKEN FAITH

IN the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, ix, 18-25) we meet two very interesting persons. The first is "a certain ruler" of the synagogue whose name, Saint Mark informs us, was Jairus, and the other was a sick woman whose name we do not know. To these may be added a third; the little daughter of Jairus, whom Jesus raised from the dead.

Jairus had faith in Jesus, for we read that on meeting Our Lord, he "adored him." But his request has something about it that resembles "fussiness." As ruler of a synagogue, he was accustomed to rites and ceremonies, and he seems to have thought that if Our Lord was to help, it would be necessary to go home with him, and lay His Sacred Hand upon his dead child. "Come," he urges Our Lord, "lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." Jesus acceded to the request, probably because this was one of the occasions on which He wished to make known to "all that country" His power over life and death. Going into the house of Jairus, He took the child by the hand, "and the maid arose. And the fame thereof went abroad into all that country."

But of these two figures in our Gospel, we shall probably find the sick woman the more engaging. Like people whom we have met, she had been sick for many years, but not because she had failed to consult physicians. Saint Mark writes that she had "suffered many things from many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing the better but rather worse." (v, 26). Saint Luke, "the beloved physician," is less critical than Saint Mark, and contents himself with saying that the poor woman had not been healed. When she heard of Our Lord, she said, "If I shall only touch his garment, I shall be healed." Making her way through the crowd, she "came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment. . . . But Jesus turning and seeing her, said: Be of good heart, daughter: thy faith hath made thee whole."

What was there about this woman that moved the Heart of Our Lord to compassion? Jesus Himself gives us the answer. It was her deep, unshaken, trusting Faith. She did not ask Our Lord to lay His Hand upon her. Unlike Jairus, she did not raise her voice, but while her lips were silent, her heart repeated over and over again the prayer of Faith. It was the prayer of the old peasant who told the saintly Curé D'Ars that in his long visits before the Blessed Sacrament, he said nothing at all. "I just look at Him, and He looks at me."

But what of the little girl who, as she felt Our Lord's hand on hers, looked up to gaze into His Sacred Face? Perhaps at first she thought it was her mother, calling her in the morning; *talitha cumi*, "get up, little girl." Perhaps; but we shall not know more about her, until we come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage, and go into the place that Jesus has prepared for us. She will be there, with her father, and our sick woman, and we can then ask them all about it. How much there will be to talk about, when we get to Heaven!



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## HANG A LANTERN ALOFT

EDITOR: In your editorial, *The Law Is Passed*, your last line reads: "But a citizen has the right to test the validity of the law."

Despite its serious purpose that remark is, actually, superbly humorous.

The recent Census fiasco found me quite a protestant, so much so that I employed a lawyer to get an injunction against the Government. Said lawyer came to my house next night and informed me: "No Massachusetts judge will issue an injunction against the Federal Government."

"All right; get a Federal Judge to do so," said your present correspondent.

The man of law returned again and informed: "Believe me or not, no Federal Judge will give me one. Every Federal Judge is as scared as hell of Roosevelt and his mob."

Assuming my lawyer was on the level, what is the outlook? Hence above comment on your editorial.

Boston, Mass.

F.

## ADVICE

EDITOR: Every time that Raymond Grady writes an article, I feel an irresistible urge to do something about it. In his article on eggs (October 5th) he philosophizes: "It is remarkable what small things will turn loose how large invectives."

Someday, Mr. Grady is going to sneer at small folk who are even interested in such small objects as pennies, upon which occasion he will have thousands of budgeteers writing in to a weary editor.

I firmly believe he should look up and read, for the first time, possibly, the old tale of the small boy who kept his tiny finger in a little leak of a dike the whole of one cold, long night. And he might gain a bit of wisdom about the "little things of life" from a meditative perusal of the old story of the little mustard seed.

I never heard of a Communist who reads his Bible, but I would venture to guess every good Communist's morning ejaculation is: "My boy, remember the little mustard seed!"

Denver, Colo.

IRENE LEONARD

## CHURCH GOODS

EDITOR: Some years ago I would have burned with fierce indignation after reading G. B. Werner's letter (AMERICA, October 5) concerning the atrocious things seen in the church-goods shops. I share your correspondent's disgust, but the remedy is perhaps too drastic to be popular. It is really a matter of artistic surgery, of more backbone on the part of those who still patronize these dens of artistic iniquity, and a determination to boycott the whole

messy business. Then we should encourage the good workmen who can be found if we take a certain amount of trouble.

I wonder whether non-Catholic owners of such places are any more to blame than the Catholic ones, who too often take refuge behind a smoke screen of pious sentimentality. The whole business needs fumigation, but I doubt that much good would come of diocesan art commissions, unless such bodies were directed by competent persons who would be free to function without fear of ecclesiastical disapproval—spoken or otherwise. We have been cursed by pussy footing yes-men in such matters.

Many of our Catholic architects and artists could help to further the necessary revolution if only they would read the riot act to their clients oftener. But alas! a job is a job.

But the laity can help by not purchasing nor donating anything that comes from these usual sources of supply. Passing the buck is not a good remedy, but positive action in the right direction is a very good and effective antidote. Anything which would elevate craftsmanship and taste in church art should be the concern of all.

New York, N. Y.

MAURICE LAVANOUX

## PARALYSIS

EDITOR: Your editorial, *Our Firmest Bulwark* (AMERICA, September 28), well says: "Conscription has been adopted as a temporary measure. Conceivably, it may be set aside after the 'emergency' has passed. More probably, however, the training of our young people for war is an institution that will remain."

Exactly. And the reason why it will remain is the very same reason why it was possible for it to be first adopted: the intellectual paralysis of our people. After two generations of the *laissez-faire* elective system in the schools of the nation, where there has been little of intellectual hard labor but much of chipping and filing for Johnny and knitting and tatting for Mary, how could any educational effect be expected other than intellectual paralysis, especially when we have been bombarded with such hysterical propaganda as that of the past year in the papers, on the screen, over the air? Our people feel that they are being rushed off their feet into something they don't want, but they are too

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(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them. Just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

muddled in thought and too inarticulate in expression to prevent it. In school they followed the line of least resistance, under "guidance," scamping Greek and math for social science and homemaking. Now they follow the same line of least resistance, and let George, the Government, do their thinking for them.

Where now are the educated, capable, articulate Catholic leaders of our people whom we have presumably been educating in our Catholic schools and colleges during the same last two generations? Where now are the men we have presumably been imbuing with the solid, enduring principles of the *philosophia perennis*, whose faculties we have said we were training and whose character we claimed to be forming? Now is the time for them to stand forth and speak out.

Can it be that we have been so busy stuffing them with the mere information of "the Catholic's ready answer" that we forgot to form them and so teach them how to use that answer after they got it?

When a man wants to know the worth of a manufacturing concern, he is not interested in its air-conditioning system or its chromium-plated machinery, but he bases his judgment solely on the product it turns out. This is the only sane course.

The same is true of any educational system. It is not by its multiplicity of courses and half-courses in Restoration drama or the medieval French lyric, or by the magnificence or the poverty of its library or its laboratory that we judge it. "By their fruits. . . ."

Weston, Mass.

CARL THAYER, S.J.

## WHITE "NEGROES"

EDITOR: When Mr. Smelser proposed to declare white "Negroes" white (AMERICA, September 7), I took it on my myself to look him up. Literally I smoked him out, finding him in Boston, studying at Harvard. His argument seems to grow out of his readings of American legal monstrosities treating on colored people (i.e., Negroes), intermarriage of races, etc. I found Mr. Smelser. His wife was kind enough to have my wife and me to dine with them in their modest student quarters. I am certain that the Streators enjoyed living over their own days as students in the Middle West a decade ago. All that the Smelsers strive for seems so real, so natural. I hope their lives will be free from some of the disappointments that come to destroy high hopes. But whatever happens, Mr. and Mrs. Smelser will not be Jim Crowed, segregated, proscribed because of their race and color. You see, they are already white!

I have one thought about his proposal, and that is this: What would have happened if my father (who is dead these many years) had got up one morning in Nashville (attention: Louis L. Allen, of Memphis; AMERICA, October 12), had found that the Davidson County court had ruled that since he was white in appearance and three-fourths of Scotch-Irish "blood," he was from then on a white *à la* Smelser?

But there is much more hope in the Smelser thesis. I believe that the Smelsers can help bring us out of the muck because they are ready to change things. With love and devotion all things can come to pass. None of this applies, it seems, to my fellow Tennessean, Louis L. Allen.

Mr. Allen took almost two pages to argue what I knew he was going to say when I digested the third sentence of the first paragraph. He saw a ghost, it seems: "His (Mr. Smelser's) references must all be accepted as pointing to the South, where alone a colored problem exists." Knowing the South, its antiquities as well as its new progress, its apologists as well as its critics, its energetic souls as well as its cracker-box philosophers, I guessed that the Allen argument would run around the usual citations of books on education, closing with the standard bit that he used in the same old way:

There is deep conviction among many whites and blacks of the South that the day when the two races will mingle socially is far off—if it is ever to be. Thoughtful elements of both races are convinced. . . .

This colored person is not convinced. I saw decent and indecent social mixing in Nashville for twenty-three years. I saw white Negroes spring up as certain as the rising dew, though race pride among Negroes has made the night lives of the best white folk in Memphis (and the rest of the South) more unlikely. My mother's father was the son of a leading white man, they say. My Father's mother was white. Here in New York where marriage is required as a part of the responsibilities of civilized man, there are fewer mulattoes born among New York's 400,000 Negroes than in Nashville among 30,000.

It is not to stop Mr. Allen from doing good deeds wherever he can. But poor Negroes and poor whites of Tennessee are drifting to the West and the North. There are great unsolved problems right under Mr. Allen's nose: problems of land, employment, medical care, and certainly spiritual guidance. (Memphis is still the leading murder city.)

I raised these questions with Mr. Smelser over the tea-cups. At this great distance I raise them with Mr. Allen. Also, white "Negroes" have been "going white" for 300 years. Some of them are right under Mr. Allen's nose.

New York, N. Y.

GEORGE STREATOR

## POLL

EDITOR: May the laity intrude into the clerical poll on anti-Catholicism (AMERICA, October 5)?

I would say that my experience with adverse criticism coincides precisely with that of the priests who mentioned grafting politicians with Catholic names. Manton, Fallon and others can undo years of work by saintly men, and they make the Church and grafting Irish seem synonymous. The non-Catholics with whom I happen to be surrounded then boast that all Catholics have to do is go to Confession, then continue the graft. So the Sacrament of Penance is also ridiculed.

New York, N. Y.

B.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## HOW TRULY CATHOLIC WAS BOSWELL?

PAUL J. PHELAN

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WITH the addition of the *Malahide Papers* to the store of Boswelliana, says Geoffrey Scott, we now know James Boswell more intimately than any other figure in the history of English literature, and indeed more intimately perhaps than any other person who has lived in ages past. It is curious, however, that despite all we know about Boswell, there is still room for a difference of opinion on one of the most vital concerns of his life—his religion, and his relations with Catholicism.

The general opinion has been that Boswell was probably once a Catholic for a brief time and fell away, but that he always maintained an intellectual sympathy with the Church and could not have lost the Faith entirely. This view was eloquently expressed by Henry Watts some few years ago (*AMERICA*, November 28, 1936). Pottle and Bennett in their edition of the *Tour to the Hebrides* flatly state, "Boswell's adherence to Romanism was very brief, but it colored the remainder of his existence."

Now it is not my purpose to deny that Boswell was ever *formally* in the Catholic Church. What I propose is, however, to examine the nature of his early attachment to the Church and his later "sympathy" with it, to inquire how "Catholic" he was.

Boswell ran away from Glasgow to London in 1760 and there, it is said, he became a Catholic. What sort of person was this twenty-year-old Scotsman? Anyone who knows the young Boswell, even a sympathetic observer, must admit that the youthful Scotch laird was a man who acted on impulse and changed his mind from day to day. He was a very emotional, unstable adolescent. This was the young man who loved and hated Zelide by turns; who decided (in his own mind) to marry every rich and fashionable lady he met, and then decided not to before they even knew about his loving intentions; who boldly wrote to Rousseau demanding entrance into his good graces, yet fearfully and timidly awaited his reply; who in a burst of inspiration decided to write a letter to Samuel Johnson asking a pledge of eternal friendship, but never got around to writing the missive; who periodically determined to join the Guards and not to join them; who one day was in high spirits and entertained people prodigiously, and the next, had a fit of the spleen or quarreled with his hostess.

From such a character could one possibly expect poised, reflective, rational judgments? It is not surprising to me that at the age of twenty Boswell should run off to London and become a Catholic; indeed I could almost give credence to the idea that his interest in an actress helped his conversion, rather than his acquaintance with some Glasgow Jacobites or Mr. Egan, the London wigmaker. Likewise it is not at all incongruous to me that this young madcap should have had thoughts of entering a monastery at that time.

The surprising thing to me is that his personal character should be overlooked in discussing his relations with Catholicism in those youthful days. Surely it seems clear that the young man acted primarily on emotional impulses in this period of his life. Why then should we consider his interest in Catholicism a sudden burst of intelligence?

But further proof of the emotional nature of Boswell's early attachment to Catholicism can be had if you look still deeper into the background of his early life. When Boswell ran away to London in 1760 what was he running away from? No doubt several reasons can be assigned. But surely, it seems clear that one of the things he was seeking escape from was the gloom and dreariness of his inherited religion, as personified in that figure of his father storming down to London after him. Boswell turned to Catholicism as a means of emotional escape from the depression that Calvinism brought upon him. In the *Journal of a Tour through the German Courts* there is ample proof of this fact. On his way into Germany at the end of the year 1763 Boswell notes:

I went into a Catholic church and heard Mass and was devout and had not one Scots Sunday idea. My religion now is chiefly devotion. Pomp of worship aids me in this. I see a probability for the truths of Christianity.

This was written three years after Boswell's brief "conversion" to Catholicism. Is there anything truly Catholic here? Does it not rather reflect an unstable emotional approach to religion? On the one hand, Boswell speaks of Christian truths as probable and on the other he claims his religion is devotion. This inclines me to think he meant to say that his religion was "emotion" not "devotion." He was a very muddled young man.

But the cryptic reference to his not having "one Scots Sunday idea," and to the "pomp of worship" aiding his devotion, are keys to an inner conflict. The true nature of this inner disturbance is definitely revealed later in the same *Journal*:

I entered St. Peter's church (Catholic) and was devout and not gloomy. I hope to get free of my dreary associations of sadness to public worship in any form. I fear, however, that the Presbyterian Kirk cannot be overcome.

Here then is a clear indication of what drove Boswell to Catholicism. Presbyterian worship he found depressing and gloomy. Catholic worship with its pomp he found "not gloomy," but inspiring. But the whole thing is a matter of mood and emotion, not of religion and devotion. If further proof is needed to show that Boswell's attraction to Catholicism was merely an emotional reaction against Calvinism it can be found in another passage in the same *Journal*. A brilliant gathering at one of the German Courts made Boswell think of a Scots Kirk gathering wherein "many a whine and sad look is found," and he therefore resolved: "Let me not encourage the least gloomy idea of Religion; but let me be firm and cheerful."

This is a strange contrast, placing a gathering at Court beside a church prayer meeting. But it shows that the common denominator which appealed to Boswell in both the German Court and the Catholic Church was nothing more or less than the pomp and brilliance of the outward ritual. It shows that the "devotion" the Catholic liturgy inspired in him was nothing more than a temporary emotion, a relief from the "whine and sad look" of gloomy Calvinism. Such devotion must not be mistaken for real religion. Boswell's attachment to the Church appears to have been a purely superficial one.

But what was the nature of his later "sympathy" toward the Church? Did these early associations color the remainder of his existence? Did he show an intellectual sympathy with the Church in later life?

To answer briefly, let it be said, first of all, that if there was any sympathy it was not the sympathy maintained by a fallen-away Catholic, for, as these considerations may have made clear, Boswell never was a real Catholic.

But there is no doubt that on occasion in later years Boswell showed a familiarity with Catholic teachings. Much has been made of this fact. However, even granting this to be so, does this prove Boswell was deeply sympathetic to the Catholic Church? Many people have an intellectual interest in Catholicism, but we would not say they were "sympathetic" toward it or closely attached to it. Furthermore in Boswell's case we have another factor to explain this interest, and that is his friendship with Doctor Johnson and the Rev. William Temple, both High-Churchmen in the Anglican Church.

Many of the doctrines in which Boswell showed familiarity such as Transubstantiation and the Trinity, were held by High-Churchmen as well as Roman Catholics. And indeed, in the later years of his life, Boswell showed much more concrete evi-

dence of interest in Anglicanism than he did during the same time, of sympathy with Catholicism. In 1775 he writes to Temple: "I have only to tell you, as my divine, that I yesterday received the Holy Sacrament in St. Paul's Church and was exalted in piety." Again, there are at least four letters written to Samuel Johnson in 1777 and 1779 which profess admiration for Anglicanism, tell of receiving the Sacrament in an Anglican Church and of attending solemn services there. And yet I have not heard it claimed that Boswell ever was an Anglican.

I hope that I have indicated that it is quite dangerous to say that Boswell was in any sense or at any time a true Catholic. Of what faith was he then? The answer may be found, I think, in the *Malahide Papers* wherein Boswell tells of his meeting with the French Jesuit, Père Monier, in 1764. Boswell tells the Jesuit that he believes in "no sect" but has "faith in Jesus," Whom he endeavors "to adore with fervency." He adds that he is "happy to worship in the Roman Church" because he likes the "grand worship." These ideas are strikingly similar to the "liberalism" of certain modern religiously-minded people, who go to the Church which offers the best services, but who will belong to no sect.

## CONFUSION OF CRITICISM

RECENTLY Sigrid Undset remarked to an interviewer that it is impossible to speak of literature without speaking of religion. Nothing could be more true, even in the most impersonal view of literary criticism. One might as well discuss painting without reference to color and perspective; for it is an author's religious views that give much of the color and most of the perspective to his work.

Literature is, above all things, personal, and the personal viewpoint and interpretation of life is determined largely by one's religion or the lack of it. Would Wells' utopias be what they are if God were not completely excluded? Try to think about Housman and Francis Thompson, much less weigh them critically, without reference to their views on religion.

Indeed, is not the present woful state of criticism itself, with its utter lack of criteria, due precisely to the entire lack of unity in religious thought? Belloc even traced the passing of metrical discipline to the discarding of doctrinal discipline. Men have no solid place to stand, whence they can determine direction. People rushing in different directions will have no agreement as to forward or backward. Men standing on their heads are confused about "up" and "down."

Modern literature is a topsyturvydom wherein poison and good meat are placed indiscriminately on the literary banquet table, because, in the contradictions of religious views, one man's meat is another man's poison.

Is it not largely due to religious views of life that some declare James Joyce to be the leading contemporary novelist and other some, Sigrid Undset?

J. G. M.



# BOOKS

## HEROISM DESERVING A BETTER CAUSE

BEYOND TEARS. By Irmgard Litten. Alliance Book Corporation. \$2.75

THIS is the story of Frau Irmgard Litten's Spartan struggle with Nazi officialdom for the life of one of their prisoners, her son. She did not succeed. Her son died, either by his own hand or by an enforced suicide, after years of torture in various concentration camps and prisons. The mother tells her tale of endless, patient effort in dispassionate, calm prose under which thumps and pulses a very understandable contempt and hate. There is no posing, no emotionalizing in this book. It has the ring of truth.

Hans Litten, the son, by his mother's account, was one of those hazy and other-worldly idealists who shame us all and who are, at the same time, as responsible for much of the world's woe as are their brutal persecutors. He was, to quote one of his prison intimates, "A follower of Marx and Lenin and an admirer of the great, absolutist monarchs of the seventeenth century," an amateur philologist, a lawyer, a devotee of Hölderlin and Shakespeare, a political party of one and an admirer of the spirit of Catholicism.

In defending German Communists against what he considered trumped-up charges, he gained the attention and enmity of the emergent Nazis. On the night of the Reichstag fire, he was arrested and until his recent death never knew freedom again. During his imprisonment, he was beaten, crippled, blinded, degraded, but he managed to preserve an almost inhuman buoyancy and hopefulness of spirit. Much of this book's poignancy derives from this, that we know of the treatment he received only through his mother's account of the alteration in his appearance on the occasions when she was allowed to visit him. The chapter that tells of his burial is almost unbearably sad.

To a Catholic reader, the name of Pierre van Paassen is no guarantee of objectivity or truth. Mr. van Paassen's epilog, which points the moral and adorns the tale, might just as well have been left out. It adds nothing and directs suspicion by reason of Mr. van Paassen's known sympathies and connections.

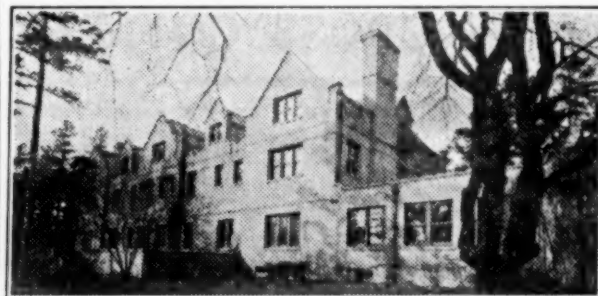
Furthermore, it must be bitter for Frau Litten to reflect that those very Communists for whom her son gave his liberty and his life and whom she herself found so charming and honest, are now dancing about the same maypole with her son's torturers and murderers. And again: On the evidence of their past record, I cannot help but feel that a successful, German Communist *coup d'état* would have resulted in just such a carnival of evil as the Nazis provided on their accession to power. I need only point to the Munich affair of 1919 as a sample of what might have been expected.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

## "... WHEN THE LONG TRICK'S OVER"

THE PORT OF GLOUCESTER. By James B. Connolly. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

WERE the Gloucestermen of all-sail days to convene in some sailors' Elysium to choose the scribe of this home-port and its annals, they would unanimously choose James B. Connolly. And were their committee to



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report upon the finished work, I think they would be pleased. The tooling on the back cover would catch this delighted eye—the crossed spy-glasses, the anchor, sextant and wheel—done in gold against a soft blue background. The two-master on the front cover they would recognize as one of their own Essex-built and Gloucester-rigged craft. Undoubtedly too they would read and scan Champlain's map of the harbor, "Le Beau Port," which was the first name that an explorer gave Gloucester. And last of all, they would pause long and with pleasure on the delightful and detailed etchings of Gloucester town and Gloucester water by Max Kuehne.

Neither Gloucester-born nor grown up from youth in the fishing trade, Mr. Connolly has been welcomed among young sailors and old in Gloucester port. To his pen we owe some of the best of our sea-yarns, and he has the knack of narration which keeps the salt and wash of the ocean. Even in this history there are several yarns which will grip the reader—and teach him a lesson of moral courage, too. Howard Blackburn is a hero by any measure ancient or modern, with courage and loyalty of the finest on earth. Other figures move through the book, Captains Patillo, Whalen, Bohlen, and with all the healthy odor of the sea clinging to their weathered faces and clothes, they are good images to gaze upon.

The author has searched out whatever dusty pages of the past cast a glance of light on Gloucester. But while seamen exchange their intimate and simple stories of courage and danger, they have not been great hands at recording their lives and doings. Indeed, what strikes the average landsman as heroic and thrilling is commonplace in their careers, and they have the definite reticences and ingrained reluctance of really strong men against playing any heroic rôle. Almost against the will of Gloucestermen their story has been written, engagingly written in their language, at their slow pace, and with the quips and turns which sauce their own conversation.

The Gloucester of sail is all but gone. Power has rendered the dangers of bank-fishing less, but it has not precluded all of them; indeed it is doubtful if any human gadgets yet to be invented will ever entirely overcome the monster forces of wind and water in some of the gales which Mr. Connolly describes. But if the days of all-sail are over, all the more need that the heroic flavor of them be preserved for us by a sympathetic writer whose pen is as facile and graceful as some of the "swift and able" vessels he describes. *The Port of Gloucester* is a book not to miss.

W. J. MCGARRY

## MISGUIDED MAKER OF MODERN FRANCE

RICHELIEU. By Carl J. Burckhardt. Translated and abridged by Edwin and Willa Muir. Oxford University Press. \$3.75

THE author is the grandson of Jakob Burckhardt whose able but highly individualized *Die Kultur der Renaissance in Italien* is known, in the original or translation, by every student of the Renaissance. Mr. Carl J. Burckhardt himself was, before the Nazi outrages, League of Nations High Commissioner for Danzig. He approaches his current subject, therefore, with considerable scholarly background and political experience. But this is not to say that his volume is the ideal book on Richelieu.

If Mr. Burckhardt intended this book as a monograph, he fell short of his purpose, for he permits too frequently his chief character, the Cardinal statesman, to be crowded off the stage of his pages by the general welter of seventeenth century war, intrigue and policy-making. The effect is somewhat like that used in the theatre when the producer brings the full *ensemble* of his company on the stage under brilliant lights but with



no single spotlight picking out the main figure. Richelieu was, of course, intimately connected with the historical events of his day; indeed, he was the outstanding individual who made French and European history what it was in the seventeenth century. Nevertheless there is a way of studying him which will lead the scholar to penetrate the husks of fact and enable him to present the mind and will of the Cardinal as the motivating forces behind the facts.

The emphasis should be put on the man and not so much on the man in his setting. Mr. Burckhardt has not done enough of this to warrant calling his book *Richelieu*; he has written rather a history of Richelieu's era. This English translation has been abridged and stripped of all scholarly apparatus: foot-notes, source references, and bibliography. Perhaps in the original and unabridged, and fortified with all its academic proofs and props it may present a more satisfactory picture of Richelieu, the man. This reviewer has not seen the original.

Cardinal Richelieu, as the forceful advocate of nationalism, had a modern mind, if ever there was one. His task, as he saw it, was twofold: to save the French monarchy within France and to make it the predominant political power outside of France, that is, in all the rest of Europe. He could have aided the restoration of the Faith and Catholic culture in Europe and thus made the world a united and much more happy place than it is today. This would have meant the toleration of the Hapsburg supremacy expressing itself in a united Germany and a powerful Spain in the West. He chose, on the contrary, to strengthen the French people by deliberately aiding the Protestant resistance to the Hapsburgs. Thus he blocked, and perhaps for all time, the return of a common Faith and the Catholic culture to Europe as a whole.

This is the whole meaning of Richelieu's life and unless it is emphasized we simply do not know the man. Mr. Burckhardt glimpses this in his parade of facts; he does not highlight it. THOMAS J. LYNAM

WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH. By John Joseph Considine, M.M. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2  
HERE is told the thrilling life story of Father Gerard A. Donovan, a Maryknoller who met his death at the hands of Chinese bandits in the lonely hills of Huai-Jen in 1937. Father "Jerry," as he was affectionately known, grew up in the self-same atmosphere as thousands of other Catholic American lads. His life in the seminary was a success, not alone in scholarship, but also in religious observance; and beneath his exterior gaiety was recognizable a serious, inner spiritual life.

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BASILISSA. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THE empress in this semi-historical novel is Theodora, whose name would have perished in perfect oblivion had she not become the wife of no less a person than Justinian the Great. Of her life prior to this important attachment only a few unimpressive facts are known. Born of poor parents, she worked as a mime and dancer, served as a courtesan in the court at Constantinople, and became the mistress of a certain Hekebolos, governor of the Pentapolis.

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MICHAEL J. HARDING

YANKEE SKIPPER. By Joseph Gainard. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$3

THIS autobiography of the captain of the *City of Flint* hardly deserves to be ranked with some of the great sea stories in our American literature. The reason for this is not the lack of incident; it is the lack of continuity in the narration which results at times in a haphazard conglomeration of facts. The book improves in the last half, since it is here that Captain Gainard tells the story of the rescue of 236 passengers of the *Athenia* and of the capture of the *City of Flint* by the *Deutschland*.

J. CRAGMYR

## A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

FIVE virtues of which the world today stands in great need are studied by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. in *Our Lady in the Modern World* (The Queen's Work, \$2.50). These five virtues are Humility, Purity, Respect for the individual, Influence for good, Love. It is a call to Catholic Action in its fullest sense.

Another book on the Blessed Virgin is *The Mother of Jesus* (Kenedy, \$2), which Madame Clara Meigs Sands, R.S.C.J., has translated from the original of Henri Morice. Mary is here revealed particularly in her human motherliness to her Divine Son.

In *Glimpses of Truth* by Sister St. Michael Cowan (Holy Ghost Convent, Waterbury, \$1), there is presented a concise and instructive presentation of a host of Catholic verities. Excellent devotional reading for those with little spare time.

Short devotional readings for every day in the year from the writings of Abbot Columba Marmion, O.S.B. make up *Words of Life on the Margin of the Missal* (Herder, \$3). It is a splendid spiritual manual, containing the best thought of this recognized master of the spiritual life.

Another amazing book on the spiritual life is *Heavenly Converse* by a Poor Clare Colettine (Sheed & Ward, \$2). Suited perhaps more for Religious, and particularly enclosed Orders, it is a singing book of the love of God, a true treasury of devotion.

*Spy and Counterspy* by Emanuel Victor Voska and Will Irwin (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75), is the story of the American Czechs who, during the World War, banded themselves to counter the espionage of the Central Powers.

Pioneer days in Southern Michigan, about 1830, is the record unfolded by Della T. Lutes in *Gabriel's Search*



(Little, Brown, \$2.50). History, with the garnishing of a little fiction, and eminently readable.

Harold Nicholson, author of *Why Britain Is at War* (Penguin Books, 25 cents) is a member of the British diplomatic service. He has here admirably summarized the events which preceded the present war; shows you where you are, and who is who and why!

The authors of *Refugee* (Prentice-Hall, \$2.50) are a German ex-service man and his wife who fled the fatherland. They are what the German authorities fatuously call "Aryan," and their story of the obscene profanities whereby the Nazi party keeps itself in power has the mark of authenticity.

Young people, for whom the book is written, will particularly like *Leonardo da Vinci: Artist and Scientist* by Leo Lerman (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2). With admirable skill the author shows how Da Vinci was the creator of many a modern scientific invention.

*One Life in Christ* by Sister Mary of the Angels, R.S.M. (Kenedy, \$1.50) is a short biography of Mary Catherine McAuley, Irish foundress of the Sisters of Mercy. The courage and strength of this marvelous woman are set forth in the style of an epic.

The complete liberal educational promised in *The Modern Self-Educator* by Henry Thomas (Stokes, \$2.75) is well done, but its liberalism is of the modern kind and not to our liking in the least.

Dr. Lewis J. Moorman in *Tuberculosis and Genius* (University of Chicago Press, \$2.50) tells the story of ten great personages who were victims of the white scourge. Here is the story of how genius and the will to conquer overcame dread disease.

That Catholic philosophers have laid the most solid foundations of modern democracy, is amply proved by James A. Magner in *For God and Democracy* (Macmillan \$1.50). The book will dissipate much vague thinking about the Catholic's part in a democracy.

... *Shall Not Perish From the Earth* by Ralph B. Perry (Vanguard Press, \$1.50) is a treatise, first of all, of democracy, and particularly American democracy. It deals, secondly, with the question of national defense against possible aggression. A stimulating book.

Eugenia Kennedy Spalding in *Professional Adjustment in Nursing* (Lippincott, \$3) writes technically and practically on her subject. The author is Director of nursing education at Catholic University, and her book approaches the subject from a wide and Catholic standpoint, stressing service and responsibility.

*The Spirit of Man* (Longmans, \$1.25) which the late Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, compiled during the last war, has been issued in a new edition. It contains some of the most sublime passages from ancient and modern writers in England and France.

*Who Dwell With Wonder* by Kathleen Coyle (Dutton, \$2.50) is a novel which centers about the sick room of an aged bed-ridden lady. You get the impression of seething emotions, cross currents and crises. But somehow the expected explosion never comes off.

Fanny Heaslip Lea in *Nobody's Girl* (Dodd, Mead, \$2) meanders around a wayward young girl and a villain, though the villain is not the wayward girl. A readable story, though thin in parts.

*Tale of Three Cities* by D. L. Murray (Knopf, \$3) is a long and somewhat plotish tale mainly about an ex-monk, who appears to be the son, on the wrong side, of a courtier of Napoleon III. There is a deal of dramatic stuff here, very well done, and the historical background is good.

There may be some history in *The Caballero* by Harold Courlander (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50), but it is hard to find. The descriptive writing is good, but the author goes in for realism of a sort not congenial to these pages.

If you read *Hillbilly Doctor* by Elizabeth Seifert (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) you might get the idea that the author has had a heart to heart talk with a hospital intern. But there is more to it than that. It is about a young doctor who works among the hillbillies, as to whom, the author goes pretty well into the ethical and cultural environment!

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## THEATRE

ED WYNN'S NEW OFFERING. In the most popular newspaper reproduction of his latest photograph, which accompanies many of the reviews of his new show, *Boys and Girls Together*, at the Broadhurst Theatre, Mr Wynn is represented with his mouth open.

This is an accurate forecast of the general effect of his offering on the mouths of his audiences. They, too, are open, in amazement, in pleasure, in surprise, in delight. For the entertainment arouses all these emotions; and if some parts of it drag a bit, when neither Mr. Wynn nor the De Marco dancers enliven the stage, that is to be expected. We have never yet had a show which from start to finish keeps so to its top note.

It should be mentioned also that Mr. Wynn is usually on his stage in his new production—always busy, always engaging and always hilariously amusing. He is not only with his associates, as a rule, but he is usually more or less in their way—a technique which some of our best comedians have followed for years but in which Mr. Wynn reaches a new "high."

He gets tangled up even with his acrobats and jugglers; and anyone else but Wynn would certainly have spoiled the scene in which he mingles in the work of the incomparable De Marco team. Their dancing is too wonderful to have anything or anyone else on the stage with it. But there is Mr. Wynn, just long enough to give it punch and a new fillip before one settles back to blissful enjoyment of the dancers alone.

Indeed, one is inclined to believe that the new show is almost wholly composed of Mr. Wynn and the De Marcos, till one takes in the gorgeousness of the settings and costumes, and the number of clever workers who so competently assist them. Especial favorites of the audience are Jane Pickens, Jerry Cooper, a fat girl billed as Dot, and two excellent acrobats and juggling teams. The members of the chorus are young and also pretty. In short there is little for the captious to criticize, which is fortunate, for *Boys and Girls Together* will be with us a long time.

Just how we can laugh as much as we do, when the world is in the state it is, I do not know; but there is no doubt that the laughter is good for us, and that we return to the grim outer world all the better for having seen Mr. Wynn and listened to his patter.

For the rest, it may be said that the new season has now opened in earnest. The Lyric Opera Company's Gilbert and Sullivan revival is proceeding enthusiastically at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. *Johnny Belinda* has so nearly overcome the coy reluctance of the critics to appreciate all its qualities that it is now printing Helen Craig's name in electric lights over the Belasco Theatre. She deserves this tribute to her acting. Lee Shubert is billing *Second Helping* at the Hudson, and *Charley's Aunt* is beginning a revival at the Longacre.

St. John Ervine's play, *Boyd's Shop*, which has had a lot of preliminary advertising, should open, according to its announcements, a few nights before these lines appear. William A. Brady, naturally exhilarated by the great success of Grace George in *Kind Lady*, at the Playhouse, talks of producing a new play, *Feathers In A Gale*, next month. Otis Chatfield Taylor, a new producer, promises us *Fledgling*, and almost simultaneously Henry Hull is expected to appear as the star of another new play, *Conquest in April*.

A Negro play, *Cabin in the Sky*, is to open at the Martin Beck next week. Ethel Waters heads the cast. George Abbott is promising us a new musical comedy, *Your Pal, Joey*, featuring Betty Allen. But the best news of all, for Saroyan fans, is that the run of the revived *Time of Your Life* at the Guild Theatre, with Eddy Dowling and Julie Haydon still in their original rôles, is extended.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



# FILMS

**KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN.** Hollywood has filmed the lives of weightier historical characters than Knute Rockne, but it is to be doubted that it has ever before got closer to humanity in its nobler aspects. It would be a mistake to cast Rockne in the monumental plaster used for figures of broad fame and broader morals such as the screen has too often memorialized in the past. He was a public figure, but his chief merit was his private life. Stripped of all the romantic accretions of football legend, he was a Christian gentleman, and it is that essential, unspectacular greatness which we praise even though it takes an accidental gridiron mastery to remind us of it. Wisely enough, then, Lloyd Bacon concentrates on giving us the rounded character of Rockne, developing it through a mass of biographical incident ranging from early life through the amazing coaching career at Notre Dame which was so tragically cut short by an airplane accident. Pat O'Brien's portrayal of Rockne is a gem of naturalness and sincerity. Gale Page, Ronald Reagan, Albert Basserman, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill and John Litel are excellent support in a stirring entertainment. (Warner)

**THE WESTERNER.** The slight historical excuse for this elaborate melodrama lies in the character of Judge Roy Bean, and interest in the conflict between cattlemen and homesteaders which is the core of the plot is rather dwarfed by interest in this authentic curiosity of the old West. The story is thin enough relating how a drifter escapes the cavalier justice of Bean by playing upon his honor's infatuation with the remote Lily Langtry. The stranger takes sides in the quarrel between the cattlemen who demand an unfenced range and the thickening homesteaders, and turns marshal to arrest the judge after the latter has burned out homes and crops. The violent Bean succumbs happily after meeting the Jersey Lily. There is a bit of spectacle in the fire and William Wyler's direction is spirited enough to enthuse younger patrons and intelligent enough to add *elements of adult appeal*. Gary Cooper is appropriately strong and silent, with Doris Davenport and Fred Stone assisting. Walter Brennan's characterization of Bean is another in a clever gallery of outdoor oddities. (United Artists)

**DULCY.** When George Kaufman and Marc Connelly wrote this slight comedy they probably had no expectation of being haunted by it for the rest of their natural lives. But it continues to appear in versions which betray diminishing vigor in spite of incidental streamlining. Ann Sothern is the Dulcy of the moment, attempting to market an airplane invention for a personable young man and making a hilarious muddle of a weekend opportunity to interest a prospective buyer. Under S. Sylvan Simon's hand, moments of slapstick outnumber those of quieter comedy. There is a wearying quality about strenuous humor even when it is good and there are moments in this film when it is not good enough. An able cast takes up some of the slack, with Ian Hunter, Roland Young and Reginald Gardiner abetting Miss Sothern, but this is *uneven family amusement*. (MGM)

**THE GREAT PROFILE.** For those who see in John Barrymore the ruins of one of the noblest acting talents of our time, this spiritual autobiography will prove a painful experience, and others will suffer on various grounds. The star's antics are not so much humorous as incongruous, and, to paraphrase a cut at another Hamlet, he is vulgar without being funny. The picture itself is a strained but not purified collection of broad incidents in a fading actor's career and makes an *unattractive farce*. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

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# EVENTS

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LAW enforcement officers, despite unprecedented situations, retained an unbaflled calm. . . . A California sheriff, on a day's fishing expedition for relaxation, cast his line into a lake, hauled up a stolen bicycle. He next caught two fish in succession with no bicycles in between, then another stolen bicycle. At the end of the day his complete bag was two fish, two bicycles. . . . In Oakland, Calif., when a magazine writer refused to take pills ordered by the doctor, his wife telephoned for police aid. Officers rushed to the house. At the sight of their blue uniforms and revolvers, the magazine writer swallowed the pills without further resistance. . . . In Minneapolis, Henry Ford Carr was arrested for stealing a Chevrolet. . . . An Eastern policeman violated the regulations forbidding officers to appear on the street without their trousers. He had been sitting behind the curtains of a tailor-shop booth waiting for his pants to be pressed when exploding gasoline forced him to the street in defiance of department regulations. . . . In New York, a traffic policeman, sleeping at home and enjoying a respite from traffic cares, woke up suddenly, saw a red traffic light coming into his bedroom through a window. A truck had nosed into a pole, caused the light to emigrate to the reclining officer's bedroom. . . . Kindness of humans toward dumb creatures was reported. During National Dog Week, a resident of Joliet, Ill., sneaked into the city dog pound, released fifty dogs, left a note reading: "Give the curs a break." . . . Reciprocating, the so-called dumber group manifested kindness toward humans. A cow named Annabelle is putting a student through the University of Oklahoma. . . . Misunderstandings were clarified. . . . A citizen telephoned the St. Louis Weather Bureau, asked so many questions about weather conditions between Missouri and Iowa that the forecaster thought he was an air pilot. "Are you an aviator?" queried the forecaster. "No, I'm a hitch-hiker," replied the citizen. Liberalizing tendencies were noted. . . . In Buffalo, a judge gave a sixty-five-year-old man 572 years to liquidate a sixty-nine dollar debt, ordering him to pay fifty cents each leap year. The last payment will fall due in the year 2512, A.D. . . . The age-old urge to keep family possessions inside the domestic circle was once more exemplified. In Milwaukee, a mother sued to recover her son's burglar tools which had been confiscated by the police. The son, serving time for safe-cracking, had deeded the tools to his mother. . . . Trouble caused by the mailing of letters was aired. . . . In Massachusetts, a woman, seeking annulment of her marriage, testified that two hours after their wedding in 1926, her husband went out to mail a letter and forgot to come back. . . . The Willard, O., postmaster, attending a convention in Columbus, tried to mail a letter in a fire-alarm box. He explained his mistake to the firemen who answered the alarm, then dropped the epistle in a box. Dips from Life: Christ, in hundreds of tabernacles spread over a great city, saying: "Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." . . . A thirty-one-year-old father, brooding over his discharge from work, leading his two little sons, one seven, the other nine, into a park, not to a tabernacle, shooting them and himself. Christ in a tabernacle just three blocks away. Park guards finding the three dead bodies in the morning. . . . The man responsible for the discharge of the father, reading of the suicide in the papers, growing remorseful, leaping off a bridge to his death. Two blocks from the bridge, Christ in a tabernacle. . . . A young woman, twenty-three, jilted by her sweetheart, jumping from a twelfth-story hotel window. Just around the corner from the hotel, Christ in a tabernacle. . . . Hundreds, thousands killing themselves, failing to "Come to Me. . . ."

THE PARADER